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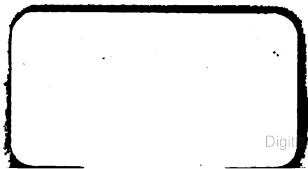
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FROM WISCONSIN

TO

CALIFORNIA AND RETURN,

AS REPORTED FOR THE "WISCONSIN STATE JOURNAL,"

BY JAMES ROSS,

Secretary of the Excursion Party,

AND

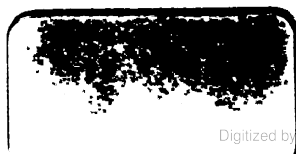
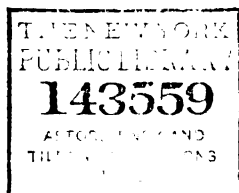
BY HON. GEORGE GARY,

FOR THE "OSHKOSH JOURNAL," AND THE "OSHKOSH NORTHWESTERN."

MADISON, WIS.:

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1889.



PREFACE.

At the request of the Wisconsin Excursion Party to the Pacific, the following account of the trip, as given in a series of letters, is presented in this form. The object of the excursionists in making this request, arose from a desire to get some suitable memento of an excursion fraught with pleasant recollections and incidents which form an eventful era in their lives and mark the successful consummation of an enterprise creditable to the people of the United States and to the skill and confidence of the engineers and capitalists who, in 1869, had the proud satisfaction of presenting to the world one of the greatest works of the age, in a railroad passing through deserts and mountains to complete the long link needed to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans with the iron rail that does so much for the convenience and happiness of man and the origination and prosperity of communities.

By the blessings of the railroad and telegraph, the excursionists enjoyed a wonderful trip, the recollection of which will not only illumine their memories but may also brighten the minds of their descendants when years hence they read the following account of it and learn how their ancestors for a happy month enjoyed quick traveling to perfection while crossing the American Continent.

JAMES ROSS,

Secretary of the Excursion Party.

MADISON, WIS., August, 28th, 1869.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES ROSS,

FOR THE "WISCONSIN STATE JOURNAL."

Arrival at Chicago—Laying in Stores and Making Preparations—Organizing for the Trip—Stoppages to be made at Omaha and Laramie—The Start.

CHICAGO, July 19, 1869.

This morning the Wisconsin Excursionists, bound for Salt Lake and San Francisco, arrived at the Sherman House in excellent condition. The following is the full and complete list, as now made up:

Hon. B. F. HOPKINS, M. C. of 2d district of Wisconsin,	L. S. HANKS, Cashier of State Bank.
Hon. THOMAS S. ALLEN, Secretary of State,	W. J. ELLSWORTH,
Hon. WILLIAM E. SMITH, State Treasurer,	JAMES ROSS, Correspondent of "Wisconsin State Journal." All of Madison.
Hon. CHARLES R. GILL, Attorney General,	Hon. PHILETUS SAWYER, M. C. of 5th district of Wisconsin,
Hon. J. M. RUSK, Bank Comptroller,	Hon. GEORGE GARY and
Col. THOMAS REYNOLDS, Pension Agent,	Hon. SAMUEL M. HAY, President of the
Hon. GEORGE B. SMITH,	1st National Bank; all of Oshkosh.
PHILO DUNNING,	Doctor R. B. TREAT, Janesville.
SAMUEL KLAUBER,	W. H. WYMAN, Milwaukee.
J. E. MOSELEY,	J. B. SMITH, Fox Lake.
Doctor J. B. BOWEN,	Hon. N. S. GREENE, Milford.
ELISHA BURDICK,	Hon. H. CORDIER, State Prison Commissioner, and
N. B. VAN SLYKE, President 1st National Bank of Madison,	Hon. G. W. BLY, Waupun.
Major P. B. PARSONS,	Hon. WM. M. GRISWOLD, Columbus.
D. K. TENNEY, Esq.,	

Messrs. Hopkins, Tenney and Parsons and the writer reached here Saturday morning, and made all the necessary arrangements for the trip.

Messrs. Tenney and Parsons, as caterers of the excursion, performed their arduous duty most effectively during Satur-

day, and the heavy invoice of choicely selected stores, put up by Stanton & Co., will undoubtedly, during the trip, prove the judiciousness of the caterers and the excellence of this wholesale house.

They secured one of Pullman's best sleeping cars, amply large enough to comfortably accommodate the whole party, so that the scenes of beauty and sublimity that they justly expect to pass through may be placidly gazed on, surrounded by the most complete conveniences of railroad traveling.

Mr. Tibbitts, an old Madisonian, is here, having just returned from San Francisco by rail, and he has, if possible, increased our interest in the trip by his vivid description of the sights to be seen. He has breathed and been exhilarated by the dry, pure air of the Sierra Nevadas, and has admired the cleanliness and beauty of the Mormon city, where, last Sunday week, he heard Brigham Young preach to a congregation of 6,000 in the Temple.

You cannot adequately imagine the excitement in this city regarding these excursions, as parties are daily starting to and returning from the land of gold by this potent railroad route.

The party organized in the Sherman House parlor this morning, by electing Hon. Philetus Sawyer, President; James Ross, Secretary; D. K. Tenney, Esq., Treasurer; and Messrs. Van Slyke, Parsons and Tenney, the Executive Committee. The members of this committee, from the first conception of the trip, have very ably and carefully designed and carried out every arrangement.

The party will stay one day at Omaha and one day at Laramie, at which last place they expect to hunt antelope and fish, for trout and then sit down to a feast fit for vigorous Badgers at an altitude of over 8,000 feet. Think of eating such diet in the bracing air of such a height, where the pure water of the region is said to have three times the elevating effect of that of the common stimulants.

When I try it, I will fairly inform you of its effect upon me, and that too, without any prejudice against any other stimulants that may possibly be around.

Barker, the well known barber of Madison, accompanies the party, and has already proved his usefulness and ability as a watchful steward.

I must not omit to mention that Cameron, of the firm of Culver, Page & Hoyne, the extensive stationery dealers of this city, did one of the pleasant acts that it is usual for him to do, by waiting on your correspondent this morning, and as a compliment to the *Journal*, presented him with a complete reportorial outfit.

But I must now close, as the hour of 10 A. M. is nearly upon me, and we leave the depot to start on the grand trip of the age in fifteen minutes after that time.

Please excuse hurried writing, and expect to hear from me at Omaha.

Trip of the Wisconsin Party from Chicago to Omaha—Pullman Cars—Three Rivers Crossed—The Scenery en Route—Forward Crops—Damages by Rain—Council Bluffs—Omaha—Courtesies from Old Wisconsinners.

OMAHA, Neb., July 20, 1869.

The Wisconsin Pacific Railroad Excursion party left Chicago a little after 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and here we are, between 8 and 9 o'clock of Tuesday morning, at Omaha, the lively and handsomely located border city of Nebraska, and nearly 500 miles west of Chicago. This marvel of traveling progress has been most comfortably made in the Pullman car, "Florence," attached to a Pacific route train that goes through at an express rate, without stopping at any stations, except two for refreshments, and one or two for water and wood. We dined at Dixon, Ill., took supper at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and breakfast at Omaha, Neb., after having crossed the Rock, Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The

scenery was mostly fully cultivated prairie land, diversified here and there with graceful stretches of trees and shrubbery. Cornfields were the prevailing feature of the route, and some of them were rank in their luxuriance, and grand in their extent. When nearing Cedar Rapids, we encountered a very heavy rain-storm, and, after supper, the fields of oat-bowed heads, through which we passed, emphatically attested its damaging violence. The further West we got, the forwardness of the climate was more and more impressed upon us, and within thirty miles of Omaha we saw field after field of tasseled corn. We also noticed the results of the heavy rain storms which have lately fallen upon this section, in the flooded places and washed sand-banks, the effect of which last was being removed from the track here and there for a mile or two before reaching Council Bluffs. When we got here, we had to cross the Missouri river by ferry, and those not too hungry, admired the handsome horses that pulled the omnibuses through as deep and black a mud as we have ever seen, that impeded our progress, before and after crossing the ferry. The town of Council Bluffs looked white and picturesque in the distance, but as arrangements had been made for our stay at the Metropolitan at Omaha, the wish of some of the party to visit Council Bluffs as we passed through, had to be disregarded, although Moseley staid over to visit with young McConnell, for many years in his bookstore at Madison, and well known and appreciated in the place. In the afternoon most of the party also enjoyed a delightful visit to this flourishing place, of which I shall subsequently write.

The ride from Chicago to this place in a Pullman sleeping car is completely divested of fatigue or tiresomeness, especially when in the company of a genial and social party. During the day, some read the journeyings of early explorers in the interesting region we were entering on; some gazed on the fertile and growing fields of grain that continuously filled the eye and swelled the highest estimate of the unparalleled resources of the country, and others with pleasant converse or cards added fresh strength to the vigorous wings of flying

time that bore us all so speedily over the short spans of the fleeting hours. When the usual time for retiring came, all sought the roomy and comfortable beds that the cars afforded, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus, or else inspiringly thinking of the marvel of running at the rate of thirty miles an hour through the State of Iowa on a straight air line railroad. In the morning some of the early risers renewed the jokes and pleasantries of the previous evening, and one of the steadiest of the party awoke all the rest to mirth and the pleasures of a bright morning by mistaking the curtain of his bed for his shirt, and doing his best to dispose of it as though it were the nether part of that essential of dress.

As we drove to the Metropolitan hotel, with keen appetites, we could not but inhale with pleasure the fresh dry air, or fail to admire the blue sky and bright sun that showed the dividing Missouri river and the cities of Council Bluffs and Omaha at their best.

After a good breakfast, I had stomach and leisure to notice that the front of the hotel was draped with the national flag, and that a State flag of Wisconsin, brought at the considerate suggestion of one of the party, waved in the breeze and showed the proud motto of "Forward" to the many who admiringly gazed on it.

During the morning Judge Wakeley, formerly of Madison, Senator Chase, formerly of Racine, ex-Attorney General Eastabrook, of Wisconsin, Mr. Delaney, formerly of Portage, and other whole-souled Badgers, visited and extended courtesies to the party. There also came Mr. W. B. Strong, Superintendent of the Northwestern road at Council Bluffs, Montgomery, a well known lawyer, formerly of La Crosse, Col. Daley, who got a noble military record as a private of the Second, and Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth Wisconsin regiment, and Mr. Williams, a lawyer of Council Bluffs, but formerly a student in Madison, all now residents of Council Bluffs; and they invited the party to visit the city in the afternoon. The invitation was accepted, and after dinner all but one or two of the party went over and enjoyed a delight-

ful time. I rode behind a Blackhawk horse of Montgomery's, driven by Col. Daley, and saw all the natural beauties and artistic improvements of Council Bluffs, with every convenient accessory. From one high bluff I saw a large and picturesque section of the town full of wooden buildings, from another, on the height of which there was a handsomely located cemetery, I saw substantial brick blocks and houses, and the yards that supplied the red and yellow bricks, and in drives through Herfurth's and other gracefully wooded glens, I got a most favorable idea of the natural and acquired advantages of the place. All the party were very handsomely treated at Council Bluffs by their spirited entertainers, and before returning to Omaha they were regaled with an elegant supper, after which the acknowledgments of the party were ventilated by Hon. Geo. B. Smith and the writer, and hearty cheers were given for Gen. Dodge, Montgomery, Daley, Williams, James and the other spirited residents of Council Bluffs.

I finish this on Wednesday morning, and must now hurriedly close, as we leave at 8:15, in an elegant car, on our long trip West. In my next I will give an additional item or two about Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The Ride from Omaha to Laramie—More about Council Bluffs and Omaha—Indian Captives—Riding Across a Western Prairie—Lunch in a Pullman Car—Talk with a Mormon—Glorious Sunset on the Plains—Appreciated Newspapers—The Platte.

LARAMIE, W. T., July 22, 1869.

The excursion party reached here between eight and nine o'clock this morning—all well—after enjoying a pleasant and marvelous railroad ride of 573 miles since leaving Omaha at 8:30 yesterday morning.

But before referring to this, I must mention that before leaving Omaha, some of the party inspected the large and complete

machine shop of the Union Pacific Railroad there, and others went to the barracks and saw a lot of fifty squaws and papposes that had been captured and brought in. One squaw was the widow of Big Bull, who, with fifty of his warriors, bit the dust in a fight with the United States troops only a week or two since, and not far from a railroad point which the excursionists will shortly pass. It is said that these savages, when fighting between themselves, as they frequently do, put to death the captured squaws and papposes, and if this be so, there can be no reasonable regret that the march of civilization is breaking up these happy hunting and bloody fighting grounds.

After leaving Council Bluffs, on Tuesday evening, where General Dodge, the energetic railroad manager, had been indefatigable, with the other previously mentioned gentlemen, in entertaining the party; those composing it enjoyed a pleasant evening in Omaha, which by night showed much stir and activity. One of the billiard rooms, which was long and elegantly furnished, contained fourteen billiard tables, and when we looked in every one was occupied, while the surrounding seats were filled with spectators. Before leaving, in the morning, I was pleased to meet Mr. Redfield, formerly of the *Waupaca Spirit*, but now of Omaha, where for some years past he has been conducting a flourishing printing office. I also met Mr. Bryant, a former resident of Madison, and who efficiently served in the commissary department of the 12th Wisconsin regiment. He now serves in the commissary office, at Omaha, and he had real gratification in meeting his friends with the excursionists, and adding to their pleasure.

We left Omaha in the elegant Pullman car "Rawlings," and were soon out in the prairie country, that, for hundreds of miles, marks the line of this wonderfully straight and level road. For the first hundred or two miles the prairie was frequently diversified with luxuriant corn and potatoe fields, showing the richness of the soil, but every additional hundred miles made these gratifying evidences of cultivation and fertility less and less frequent, until nearly two hundred miles

before reaching Laramie they entirely disappeared. But although corn and grain were not seen, the prairie grass and flowers looked refreshing, the effect of which was increased by the brown grass villages of the prairie dogs and, although the short grass looked dry, even for this unusually wet season, for this section, there were cows and horses seen grazing on it here and there, and now on the plains about this place large herds can be seen, that get plenty of water from the Laramie river and also from a spring, the clear water of which is conducted through the streets of the town with very cooling effect.

During the morning's travel, the party was served with lemonade made by Barker, and so excellently was it flavored that the partakers were of the unanimous opinion that Barker, to be invincible, should add the refreshment business to his barber's art. As we could not get dinner until 2:30, the excellent quality of Messrs. Van Slyke, Parsons and Tenney, as caterers, was triumphantly shown in the serving of a lunch, by which the party luxuriously regaled on ham, tongue, potted meats and pickles, &c. We mention this so that others making the same trip, may know how to enjoy the comforts of a home while traveling thirty miles an hour through the Rocky Mountain plains. We got an excellent dinner at Grand Island, an eating house station, and here had our first taste of the luscious buffalo and antelope meat, of which there was plenty and to spare.

During the run, there visited us in our car, Mr. Johnson, a member of Congress from California; Mr. Harris, one of the Government inspectors, who was looking after the condition of the road, and a smart Mormon, named Joseph Bull, connected with the daily *Deseret News*, published at Salt Lake city. He has a couple of wives and he vigorously upheld his religious doctrine in a controversy with some of the party. But he was very courteous and expressed an earnest desire for us to visit the famed city, that he was evidently very proud of. He told me that he was born in England and came from Leicester. Mormonism, from his looks, seemed to agree with him, as he

was a strong and fresh looking man, which probably may be attributed to his abstinence from spirituous liquor and tobacco.

A GRAND SIGHT.

During the afternoon we all enjoyed a grand sight, which culminated when the red face of the setting sun glowed before us. The swelling bluffs forming the outline of the prairie, had been gradually getting fainter and fainter, until at last nothing was before or around us but a vast ocean of prairie. A cool breeze swept over it and the glowing sky got softer looking as the sun set. Nothing relieved the eye from the vastness but the white bones of the buffalo, that showed here and there from the grass, or the pert little prairie dogs, cunningly standing sentry over their holes as the train passed. No noise broke the impressive silence that reigned around, but the thundering of the train as it rolled along at over thirty miles an hour. Looking out of the window towards the locomotive, the machine was seen in all its majesty, towering above the surrounding plain, as it apparently irresistibly flew towards the heart of the setting sun, that formed the red boundary of the western horizon.

At the lone block houses and stations, at which last, soldiers were stationed, some of the party threw newspapers out of the car windows, and the sight of the lone settlers and soldiers rushing to get them, was as grateful to the donors as the sight of the newspapers was to the receivers. At Plum Creek, where five railroad men were killed by the Indians about a year since, two companies of cavalry and infantry were stationed, and their tents made a picturesque appearance, with the men on duty, their guns at rest; the Pawnee scouts holding their ponies, and an officer's wife smiling on the party as they threw her newspapers. At such a place the arrival of a train is the great event of the day, and a woman with plenty of friends, and perhaps relatives in the distant States, must especially look on it with a brightening face.

A SCENE OF BEAUTY.

We had struck the Platte river early in the day, and had at intervals ran in full view of it. At sundown we came alongside of it again and the train would run along its bank nearly all night. The moon rose and shed its brightness around and when we came to a long bridge, guarded by a soldier pacing near a mouldering fire, a witching view of the broad Platte was seen as its current gleamed along like molten silver, and shimmered among the islands and trees and banks in the distance. A cool, fresh, dry breeze ran along the river's surface and as a spectator inhaled it he felt to the full the inspiration of the scene of beauty, so that he could even imagine the scenes of years ago when Indian warriors on just such nights are supposed by certain writers to have wooed their dusky loves; although seeing the Indians as they appear now, waddling along with bare legs and only a blanket over them, requires considerable imaginative power to poetically associate them with such a scene, and I think most men to successfully do it would either have to be deeply struck by love or liquor.

But I must now close this, as the train from the West, four hours behind time, is coming, and I can better continue the account of the charming trip here, where we stay until to-morrow morning, in another letter.

The Ride to Laramie Continued—Antelope and Buffalo—Prairie Dogs—The Approach to the Rocky Mountains, with Snow Capped Summits—Riding on the Cow-Catcher—Unfurling Wisconsin's Flag on the Heights—Pure Air—Laramie and its Institutions—A Suggestive Picture—Minor Matters.

LARAMIE, Friday, July 23, 1869.

On Wednesday evening we took supper at North Platte, and it was such a plentiful and well served one, that on rising from the table, three cheers were proposed for the proprietor,

and they were given with a will. So far we have found the eating stations fully as good as those on the traveled routes in Wisconsin.

During the night the train stopped at a station where four companies of United States troops were camped, and some of the party who had not retired, got out and had a five minutes talk with the soldiers. Most of the party were in their large and comfortable berths afforded by the Pullman sleeping palace car, and each had one selected at the beginning of the trip by lot. They had gone to bed early, so as to be up betimes in the morning, to see the Rocky Mountain scenery which would then be in view. I found it difficult to withdraw my gaze from the plains, steeped as they were in the moonlight, with the Platte river showing bright, and the distant bluffs looking dark blue. When I did manage to retire, the impression was strong that I had enjoyed a sight worth living to see. Early in the morning, a cry was heard that antelope and buffalo could be seen, and some of the party saw them. Here the road seemed to be guarded by Prairie dogs, as the little fellows for several miles were almost constantly popping up. The sun was two hours high when the first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains was seen, and their peaks looked blue and gray in the distance. This gray was the perpetual snow that far off is the color of sand, but on a nearer approach is white. The surrounding plains now began to get bluffly near at hand and boulders of stone to mark the vicinity of the mountains. Clearer and clearer the snow-capped mountains loomed up with their brown cliffs and misty gorges, where the snow was seen as through a veil. Big rocks now also lined the track, being scattered around as far as the eye could reach in varying shapes. Stunted pine trees also grew from clumps of rock and added to the romantic effect of the Black Hills. We were now between Cheyenne and Sherman, and rapidly rising to the highest point on the road between the Atlantic and Pacific, over 8,000 feet above the sea level. Oh! the wonder and grandeur of this rocky scenery. What imaginings are prompted as you gaze on it. There you can imagine the rock

in which Alladin was enclosed, shaded with stunted pine trees; yonder through that small green valley, with gray rocks overhanging it, you can place the Scottish chiefs that Walter Scott has portrayed, as naturally as though you were among the hills and glens of Scotland.

President Sawyer, Treasurer Smith, Gen. Allen, G. B. Smith and others of the party took turns in riding on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, and they describe the views they got as sublime beyond description. They made the ascent to Sherman looking on a scene like a billowy ocean of rock and descended from it with a magnificent view before them of the snow-capped mountain range and the Laramie plains.

THE FLAG UNFURLED.

On arriving at Sherman, the highest point, the flag of the State of Wisconsin was brought out and unfurled, and the party surrounding it, gave hearty cheers for Wisconsin, the town of Sherman and the Union Pacific road. No State flag had ever been unfurled here before, nor probably has a flag of any State of the Union been unfurled at so high a point above the sea level. In writing of the altitude, I must explain that the ascent to it is so gradual as not to be greatly noticed, and it is difficult to realize that when here we are over a mile higher in the air than when at Madison. All of us have for some time been aware of the purity and dryness of the atmosphere, and it is such pleasant breathing that we never tire of inhaling it. We arrived at Laramie, where we had arranged to switch our car off for twenty-four hours, between eight and nine o'clock yesterday morning, and got good eating accommodations in a large and comfortable hotel. We could not better our sleeping arrangements, as the Pullman car is all that could be wished. The hotel is on the Laramie plain, surrounded by the mountains. The sun and air are warm, but right before the hotel, and plain in sight although seventy miles distant, is the snow capped range of mountains, 13,000 feet above the sea level. When oppressed with heat from

quick walking or any other cause we have only to glance at the perpetual snow on these mountain tops, to feel cool. We can also see, faint in the distance of 100 miles, Long's Peak, in Colorado Territory, and closer and plainer in sight, as it is only fifty miles distant, is the mountain named Agissaz, in honor of the great naturalist, who during last summer staid here for a time. The snowy capped mountains are always pleasant and attractive to our eyes, and Phil. Parsons, as he lies hot on one of the beds in the Laramie House, looks out through the warm and sunny air, and with his eyes resting lovingly on the distant snow, emphatically says that he never felt so much like being in paradise as now. But he of course says this with reference to this sight and not with regard to Laramie, which although, so far as we have seen, quiet and orderly, has yet some features the reverse of paradistical. Last October, five men were hung here by a vigilance committee and Dan. Tenney has the photographs of the scenes in his pocket book. They were garroters and robbers and the community had to take this course for their own safety and since this effective hanging "dead beats" have been scarce in this locality. Last night I attended a theatre in which Madam Scheller appeared as "Somnambula" and there were four women in the audience and about one hundred men, but I never saw a better behaved audience anywhere, and their prompt applause of the virtuous sentiment of the play delighted me. Nearly every other building is a saloon, and in some of them I saw girls smoking with men in open daylight. But at night this is common in the dance houses, where the orgies peculiar to some of the new and fast Western towns are held. An advertisement in a paper of the place before me, announces that at a certain beer garden, refreshments will be served by attractive girls. The price of common lead pencils is twenty-five cents each. One of the party paid \$1 25 for getting shaved and his hair cut, and the lowest currency the people stoop to is twenty-five cents. Clear lumber is \$150 per thousand feet; but a commoner kind manufactured near here, sells for \$40. There is a daily paper published here

styled the *Sentinel*, published by Mr. Hayford, formerly the prosecuting Attorney of Fond du Lac county. Its politics can be judged of by an editorial paragraph, congratulatory of the late election, on a clear party issue, of a Republican Alderman at Cheyenne. There is a large, brick built, railroad machine shop here, but there is not much business in it at present, although a change in one of the departments of the railroad management gives cheering hope of increased activity. The resources of the town are the railroad, the troops in the vicinity and the miners in the mountains, and when they are hard up the residents must be also. I don't see any completed building looking like a church but am glad to see two in the process of erection, and away back on the plains, I saw a significant sight in a solitary building surmounted with the universal cross.

This morning a photographer of the place came and took a picture of the party surrounding the flag of their State.

The train from the East is nearly four hours late, so that at this time, nearly mid-day, we are in Laramie. All the party are in excellent health and spirits, and from the wonders they have lately seen are full of hope and expectation, regarding the future journey.

The singers of the party are General Allen, Colonel Gill, Elisha Burdick and Dan. Tenney, and late at night and early in the morning their voices blend in patriotic and social songs, while the rest of the party, when they feel just right, come in strong on the choruses.

The excellent arrangements of Mr. Hopkins for the journey have, so far, been very successful, and Mr. Sawyer makes the popular President that Mr. Hopkins, when he nominated him, suggested he would be.

I am glad to discover that there are good day schools and Sunday schools in this place, which evidently contains the essential germs of American progress and prosperity.

The people here attribute the more frequent rain storms in this section, during this season, to the attraction of the telegraph poles and the circulation caused by the rushing trains,

and from these causes predict considerable change in the seasons. Along side the track, at intervals for about seventy miles before reaching Laramie, are snow fences meant to protect the track from the heavy snow storms that in winter rush through the mountain gorges.

I expect to date my next letter from Salt Lake City.

Ride from Laramie to Salt Lake City—Friday Afternoon to Saturday Evening—Awe-inspiring Mountain Scenery—The Recent Indian Chastisement—A Rescued Captive—How Indian Squaws Kill their Sons—Coal on the Plains—Saloons, as Pioneers of Civilization—A Good Supper at Rawlings—Admiral Farragut and Gen. Dodge—The Wisconsin Car—A Morning Ride Along Weber River—The "Devil's Lift" and "Devil's Gate"—A Wisconsin Reaper in a Utah Field.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 26, 1869. X.

Here we are in this beautiful and romantically surrounded city, where we all arrived in excellent health and spirits, last Saturday evening, just as the sun was setting, and the grand mountains and noble-looking lakes were seen to their best advantage.

Before giving a sketch of the place, and our doings here, I must give the particulars of our railroad trip from Laramie. We left that place at nearly 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon, and after running about twenty miles began to strike the mountain range, that to every traveler of taste and feeling, is fascinating and impressive. Here we passed close to the Elk and Medicine Bow mountains, which rose from the plains in solemn grandeur, and on looking at their vast sides and lofty peaks that indescribable and swelling feeling which arises in the bosom when looking at such monuments of the Creator's power and glory, was first felt in all its force. There were val-

leys, stretching in the misty distance, and then the surrounding hills, with rounded rifts of light green, and the majestic sides of the leviathan mountains, clothed in entrancing light and shade, and, as suggested by the heart's feeling, rising to the pure light of God's unchanging presence. Oh! the freshening emotions, while feasting on such a scene as this. How revived streams of early feeling course down the choked channels of the heart and steep the senses in the exquisite associations of early years, when all was fair and hopeful. All were impressed with the pervading presence of this Godly scene, and even the card players of the party hastily threw up their cards and hastened to pay their willing homage to Nature and to Nature's God.

During the afternoon Gen. Augur, the commanding officer of the department, and Gov. Campbell, of Wyoming Territory, in which Laramie is, and through which we had for some time been running, entered our car and very much entertained us with their informatory talk and ideas. Gen. Augur, in telling me of the late fight of Gen. Carr's troops with the Indians, fifty miles west of Fort Sedgwick, said that they had for some time been after the Cheyennes, who were committing depredations on the white settlers. Their latest achievement was killing a German, with powder and ball supplied by the government, and then taking his widow, who had been only from the old country six weeks, into the most horrible bondage. After the fight, she was rescued, and her bruised and battered face gave evidence of the vindictive usage to which she had been subjected by the squaws, one of whom, during the fight, fired on her and broke some of her ribs with a rifle bullet. The Cheyennes were unprepared for the attack on them, and as the warriors were on a march, surrounding their squaws and popooses, they were suddenly shot down to the number of about fifty, with the same promptness that they for months past had been shooting down settlers. Some of the squaws, during the excitement of the attack, were seen killing their papooses, and one was observed to deliberately shoot her two fine looking Indian boys, respectively aged 8 and

12 years. These bloody scenes occurring on the line of our travel, give it a sad interest, and make the lightest thinking of us reflective. The General tells me that the chief "Tall Bull," who was killed, belonged to this tribe, and that the Cheyennes are the best looking Indians on the Plains, and this opinion would be formed from seeing his bereaved squaw, now in prison with other squaws and papooses at Omaha. He also tells me that the Indians do not kill their squaw and papoose prisoners, but that the victors adopt them into their tribes. The Pawnees are friendly to the government, and during the summer, a number of them, most efficiently serve with our troops, and in the fall are allowed to return to their families and look after them through the winter.

Five or six stations after leaving Laramie, we came to Carbon, where extensive coal fields are worked. The place has the look of a Welsh mining town, and the coal is black, and of the variety known as Lignite, which is soft and burns easily, making excellent cooking and house fuel, and being serviceably used by the locomotives. I must here remark on what has impressed me during this westward trip, and this is that saloons seem to be the vanguard of civilization. You see them on the loneliest stretches of the plain, and when hundreds over a thousand miles from Chicago, the familiar sign of "Chicago ale for sale here," startles your eyes when lonely surrounding plains and mountains make you wonder where the drinkers can come from.

When evening came, with the silvery moonlight again, making a fairy scene of the plains and mountains, we stopped at Rawlings, over 710 miles west of Omaha, for supper. When we left Madison, Wis., we thought, as you probably have been thinking, that at such a distance from home and beauty, we would find no good refreshment stations or surrounding comforts; you will therefore be surprised to learn that on stepping on the platform here, we saw a station as large and complete as that at Portage City, and with an adjoining large machine shop, perfecting the similitude between the two places. Seeing this, and knowing that less than two

years ago the place was a desert, where travelers in wagons prepared to face the dryness of 150 miles of the Bitter Creek country, fills us all with admiration of the successful American enterprise and pluck here exhibited, which, after an excellent and handsomely served supper is enjoyed, is greatly increased.

Just after leaving this place we had an interesting visit which filled us all with patriotic fervor. We had heard that Admiral Farragut was on the same train, in the car before us, but did not expect to have such a pleasant and unexpected meeting, as a committee had been appointed to formally invite him into our car. The boys were feeling good after supper, and were calling on Burdick to recite, for the fourth time, the writer's speech to the Westport democracy, years ago, which, by the way, he gets off very amusingly, and with telling effect, when a rather short, stout built, elderly looking gentleman entered the car. He was plainly dressed in black, and his gray hair and light white whiskers surrounded a face beaming with good humor, especially noticeable, when he laughingly said, as the noise of those calling on Burdick greeted his ears, "Oh, gentlemen, I think I must have made a mistake and got into a political meeting." With these words he passed on and would have been unrecognized as Admiral Farragut, only that Mr. Hopkins met him at the other door, and the gallant Admiral, whose unexcelled achievements, the American people are so justly proud of, at once returned with him to be introduced to every individual of the party. His strength of memory was shown by his saying, when shaking hands with General Rusk, "I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you in Washington," and this remembrance gratified and astonished the General very much, although the rest of us knew that a man of his size and build, once seen, is not easily forgotten. After the introductions had been gone through with, the Admiral, for more than an hour or so, very entertainingly talked of his travels in Russia, of iron-clads, and other informatory subjects. During his talk a determined expression was occasionally observed on his face,

which required but slight imagination to magnify into the look of steady daring, with which, when lashed to the mast, he boldly confronted the enemy's belching forts, while steaming up Mobile bay. When he finally said good night, all the company were deeply impressed with the humble presence of this great man, and Dan Tenney felt so good that he proposed three cheers for "Admiral Farragut, the pride of the navy and people of America," which were given with the will of appreciative Badgers, who always admire mind and daring in a good cause. Just think of meeting Admiral Farragut in such a place—only two years ago a dreary wilderness, but now a national railroad thoroughfare, where the great and stirring of the land can be met with in crowds.

Another distinguished gentleman on the train was Gen. G. M. Dodge, of Iowa, an engineer, whose enterprise, experience and services, in originating and completing the Union Pacific Railroad, have been of incalculable value in making it successful. When this road achieves the popularity and destiny, that certainly awaits it in the future, the names of Durand and Dodge will have a first place in the famed roll of those who, with rare confidence and talent, toiled in conceiving and completing it. A traveling experience of years among the Plains and Rocky Mountains, when their wastes could only be crossed by wagon trains, has made General Dodge completely familiar with them; and his talk on the subject is so interesting and informative, that when he talks, as he often good naturedly does in our car, there is always a crowd of listeners to profit from his remarks.

Creston is the next station, after leaving Rawlins, and here is what is termed the divide of the American Continent, on account of the rivers on the east side flowing into the Atlantic and those on the west side into the Pacific Ocean.

The run through the Bitter Creek country, which was only plain and distant mountain scenery, made going to bed easy, in anticipation of the wild and rocky scenery that we expected to see in the morning on reaching Wasatch. I saw Fort Steele, pleasantly located on the bank of the North

Platte River, with the flag and the soldiers looking well beneath the light of the moon.

In the morning we all woke up well, some distance from Wasatch, and hungry for the trout breakfast that had been ordered for us by telegraph, at that place. The train was some two hours behind, from a heated box on one of the cars, and before we got to the station we had to partake of some of our car supplies, but on getting there at 10 o'clock we did ample justice to the plenteous and excellent breakfast supplied. After leaving Wasatch we began to look out for the rocky scenery, and were not disappointed. Snow capped mountains began to loom in the distance, and then rocks of red sandstone and conglomerate to rear their mighty crests close alongside the railroad track. Higher and higher they got as we run through Echo canon, and the sublimity of their vast sides and far-reaching gulches, filled every eye and impressed all hearts. In some places, streams of pure and living water diversified their ruggedness, and then again they were like stern monarchs, without a jewel or a gem. Now a refreshing rippling is heard, and looking down out of the car window, the clear and sparkling water of the Weber River is seen, here as gentle as a bashful maid, while on the other side a spring stream from the rocks runs gently along the railroad track, and when the train reaches the mining town of Echo, looking picturesque on the mountain-surrounded plain, with its canvass covered stores and houses, the stream is seen running all through it, before the doors of the houses. After leaving here we run through the Weber canon and see around us rocks of every shape, backed by mountains with rifts of snow whitely glistening from their tops. Now we come to where rocks overhang the track, and looking up at them the mind can easily conjure fancies of some of these beetling crags coming suddenly down upon the train. More cautiously we scan their heights of from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, and as we descend through a tunnel or two on a grade of ninety feet to the mile, we have our minds wrought up to the full pitch of feeling. Down one mountain we see a singular rock forma-

tion called the "Devil's Lift," being a straight gully of rock about 200 feet long, and apparently just wide enough for the Devil to rest his hands on the sides, while swinging himself up. The Weber river begins to give us appropriate music for the scene as it foams and tumbles over the rocks into widening strength, and looking from the end of our car we see the rocks grandly rising behind us in intricate looking folds. Suddenly there stands behind us a tree, labelled "one thousand miles from Omaha," and this is the tree that the engineers found here when surveying the road and tastefully left standing as an interesting memento of the place and distance. But we were here to see a sight worthy of the sublimest descriptions of Byron or Goethe, and the noise of the Weber, now thundering along through the rocky chasms, appropriately prepares us for it. The rocks rise high and stern to the sky, and down the narrow and rugged valley that they form comes the rushing Weber, lashed to glistening foam by the opposing rocks, and surging through the rocky channel. We cross a high bridge, and from it see what is called the "Devil's Gate," in all its might and majesty. The water is deeper and the rocks higher here than anywhere; forming an awe-inspiring sight, that once seen can never be forgotten. As we approach Uintah we first observe vegetation, and notice that the grain and potatoe fields look well and thriving, although yet green, from the artificial watering. We also see, in one of the fields of ripened grain, a cheering sight in a reaper, marked "Case, of Racine," busily at work, and those of us seeing this suggestive reminder of the manufacturers of our own State, at this long distance from it, give hearty cheers for Racine.

On arriving at the station, stages are in waiting to take us the thirty miles to Salt Lake City, and the mountains of the valley loom grandly before us.

But I must now close to catch the mail, and will continue the description in another letter.

The Visit to Salt Lake City—A Little Story of Tom Reynolds' Medical Experience—An Episode of Staging—From Uintah to Salt Lake City—Mormon Farms—Inspiring View of the Lake and City—Sulphur Springs and a Bath therein—Stopping at a Mormon Hotel—Calls from Distinguished Gentlemen—At the Theatre, Failure to get into the Pit—At the Tabernacle, Breaking Bread and Preaching by George A. Smith with a History of the Mormons—Impression of the Services and Looks of the Women—Back to the Railroad in good Health and Spirits but Sweltering.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 26, 1869.

In my last, I brought my account of our trip to Uintah where we took the stages for this place.

Before starting, on what promises to be a hot ride, as the sun and air are very warm, I must tell you about Col. Tom. Reynolds' singular medical experience. While at Laramie he was seized with an inconvenient ache and at once resorted to medical advice. Dr. Bowen, who came along, at once gave the Colonel an homeopathic dose which brought him up some. Shortly afterwards Dr. Treat came along and gave him Allopathic treatment. This neutralized the first dose and the Colonel was again sinking when Philo Dunning insisted that he should try one of his seidlitz powders. This he did do but he got an awakener that he didn't expect, and in his extremity he called for more advice, which Mr. Burdick promptly gave him in the shape of a dose of watered quinine. This brought him out all right, and when the train left Laramie, he was seen with his hands resting on his cane, while he said with a smiling face, "I have survived two systems of medical treatment, and got cured on irregular but very potent remedies."

We left Uintah for Salt Lake in three stages, carrying the whole of our party. The station is quite thick with canvass-covered stores and saloons, and in the latter there is plenty of pure water, cooled by strong, bright-looking ice, taken from the river Jordan in winter and carefully preserved. The con-

trast between the easy starting of a railroad train and the moving of these stages was very marked. Finally, after all were loaded and the usual number of questions were asked and answered about all the baggage being inside or outside, the four horses to each stage were whipped up and the stages began moving. We went along a mountain surrounded road, which at the start was rather rough, but as we progressed got smoother. In the gardens alongside the road there were plenty of peach and apricot trees, and on some of them the luscious fruit hung thick and heavy. As we advanced, wheat, corn, potato, and one or two barley fields followed in quick succession. The wheat was in the shock, and, while each bundle shone like gold, the heads looked full and heavy. The hedges along the roadside gave the scene an old country appearance, similar to that in the vicinity of mountainous Cumberland or Scotland and Wales. The similitude was increased by the stone fences and adobe houses that frequently attracted the eyes, and above all by the hollyhocks that clustered around every house and showed their welcoming flowers from every garden. In one nice garden, there was a shaded arbor in which sat three pleasant looking women, while at a distance, reading a paper in the shade, reclined a contented-looking Mormon, and we style him thus according to the information of the stage-driver, who, like many of his kind, abounded with pointed talk and good feeling. In some of the enclosures there were two or three houses, showing the number of the proprietor's wives; and on every side evidences of thrift and high cultivation filled the eye. But all this cultivated beauty has been produced by the most careful and unremitting labor on the stony soil, which has directed the cooling and moistening water in many channels, thus causing the dry soil to bloom and blossom like a rose. But there now looms up before us the great Salt Lake, and that mountain rising from its placid bosom is Church Island. Far away the water stretches, sixty miles long by twenty wide, like a mirror. The varied shades of mountains loom on every side, and dark vales, and brown : snow-capped summits make a diversity that never tires

the eye. After a dusty ride of ten miles, the stages change horses at a comfortable roadside eating house. The barkeeper had not to run out for water, as a beautiful fresh stream from the mountains trickled along a channel in the soil floor, and appeared in a large stream running by the front door towards Salt Lake. Oh! what comfort the dusty passengers took in drinking and washing in this clear and living water. Some could only with difficulty tear themselves away, and all felt it good to be near such a beautiful stream. At the next stopping place, we got plenty of ripe apricots, peaches and apples, and more delicious cold water. But there was plenty of this, as living streams flowing from the mountains crossed the road at every rod or two, and the horses' feet were constantly moistened with it. Off again on the third and last stage, and with the big mountains looming over Salt Lake City coming stronger into view. Up an ascending hill, and then from its summit we see Salt Lake City nestled at the foot of the solemn looking mountains. And, Oh! what a sight is here, for the artist, the poet, and to give inspiration to the coldest mind. Those who have been in Italy see here familiar resemblances; those who have breathed the mountain air of Scotland look at the lake and up at the mountains and vales, and can easily fancy that they breathe it again, and the cherished associations of every beholder can find some sweet place on which to rest with the old and deep feeling of early years. We have all along seen large flocks of black and white sheep and goats, and now we see them all over the plain. The driver pulls up and stops opposite a rock from which flows a strong stream of living water. We go to it and find that it is near the boiling point in warmth, and thoroughly impregnated with sulphur. I wash my hands in it, and find that it easily cleanses them and makes them feel very comfortable. Shortly afterwards we pass a bathing-house, where hot sulphur plunge and other baths are announced, and we all say in a breath that the time will not be long, before we are in them. Before us are the long, broad streets of Salt Lake City, and the surrounding level plain shows patches of shrubbery and regular cultivation.

We pass by stone houses, surrounded by large stone fences, and driving through the business streets, lined with neat red stone, brick and wooden buildings, draw up before the Townsend House, handsomely shaded at the front by locust and walnut trees. The landlord is a Mormon, and the reason of the party staying at this House, is because of a desire to see something of the Mormon system. Host Townsend is a pleasant, jovial looking man, who seems to get along very comfortably with his four wives, one of whom most efficiently aids him in the management of the house. We are soon made comfortable here, and after supper we all start for the theatre; but before leaving have the pleasure of calls from ex-U. S. Senator Durkee, the Governor of the Territory, and from Hon. W. H. Hooper, the delegate in Congress from Utah Territory. The theatre is a large building with a handsome stone front, and the inside shows a commodious stage, an elegant drop scene and a crowded pit, dress circles and upper galleries. You can easily judge that the pit is occupied by Mormons, from noticing that the majority of spectators are women, and that men with three women around them, are numerous. Some of President Young's wives are in his box, but I only got a glimpse of them, insufficient for reliable description. I made two attempts to get into the pit among the Mormons, but could'nt come it, and Dan. Tenney, one of the boldest of the party, was also denied the charmed entrance. The good moral play of the "Drunkard" was first presented, followed by the overfast and stupid farce of "Pocahontas;" the childish play on words which seems to be the chief drift of the play, not being apparently in the least appreciated or even understood by most of the Mormon audience, which, in my opinion, was very much to their credit. The music, the acting of Chaplin and the dancing of Miss Ward of Omaha were good, and some of the young Mormon girls spoke and appeared well on the stage.

A SULPHUROUS TREAT.

This fair Sunday morning I am the first to enjoy a bathe in the sulphur bath house. I got up before seven o'clock and

walked one mile and a half along the silent and mountain-surrounded streets, occasionally stooping to quench my thirst from the clear and bubbling streams that repeatedly cross my path. When at the bath house I pay twenty-five cents, and getting a towel, repair to a large square, wood-enclosed space, filled with sulphur water, and through which the same is continually pouring. In the centre of this bath, a stream of cold, pure water, led from the higher part of the mountain, refreshingly showers around from a sprinkler. When in the bath, I feel as though swimming around in warm milk, and the effect on the system is most soothing and beneficial. After a sufficient stay in the bath, I get out and take the tonic effect of the cold spring water under the sprinkler. I walk to the hotel with renewed vigor, strongly inhaling the occasional drafts of mountain air. During the morning, the rest of the party visited the sulphur baths, and all were delighted and benefitted by their effect.

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THE TABERNACLE.

On Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Mr. Hooper came to escort the party to the Tabernacle. As nearly every inch of this singular looking building has been again and again described, I will merely state that its outside is long, large and lofty, shaped like a turtle's back; and of a grayish blue color. A lofty flag staff surmounts the building, which, in the shade of evening, can only with difficulty be recognized from the surrounding mountains. On entering the building, its vastness and the plain but smoothly plastered walls are most impressive. The air is cool inside, and very welcome it is after walking under the hot sun, and the hundreds of seats are occupied by a congregation numbering thousands, and the full extent of the Tabernacle is not in use, as a large veil of white cloth sets apart about one-third of it. In a front desk, stand and sit a number of elders, who are busy breaking bread into silver baskets. Some of them are elderly, pleasant looking men, and others are younger and sharper looking. Music begins pealing from the lofty and handsomely ornamented organ,

only one-third less in size than the famed one at Boston, and the sweet singing of a choir swells the melody. This over, one of the elders blesses the bread and it is passed around to the congregation by men who carry the silver baskets. A basket is sent to delegate Hooper, and he, on taking a piece of bread, asks several of our party won't they break bread with them? One or two of our party do this, and the basket is passed on. Brigham Young is in the Tabernacle, but from where I sit, on the front seat, he is not in sight. George A. Smith, one of Young's Council of Twelve, then appears and begins preaching. He is stout, has a broad red face, with a good humored expression and wears a white neckcloth and black clothes. He opens a Bible and reads a portion of the 11th chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah, in which the laying down of the lion and the lamb is mentioned. He then gave an historical account of the origin, wanderings and oppressions of the Mormons. He spoke of how Joe Smith received light by revelation, and gave his own experience in getting to the light. He then described the march of the pioneer saints to the then desert of Salt Lake, where they arrived twenty-two years ago. He spoke of the struggles they made, and the privations they endured to make the arid soil yield them sustenance, and cited its present fertility as a cheering sign that the blessing of God was with them and their church. They had been oppressed and driven from Jackson county, Mo., and Nauvoo, Ill., at which last named place their prophet was murdered, and came here to enjoy the religious liberty warranted to them by the constitution of the country that they all supported. When the constitution of the United States was lived up to, he expected that the Mormons would be able to return to Nauvoo, their God-chosen and favorite place, and be able to live in peace. They were oppressed then and they were oppressed now, and the only reason for this that he knew of, was their sobriety, honesty and good order. During his remarks one of the elders asked a blessing on the water, and silver mugs containing the cooling fluid were passed around, and I noticed that several of our party took hearty drinks

from them, as I also did myself. The preacher concluded by expressing the hope that the Mormons might be allowed to live in peace, with good will towards all, and that the blessing of God might continue to rest on them. His manner was candid and prepossessing, and although he did not touch on the doctrine of polygamy, that all the visitors were anxious to hear about, he gave an interesting address. Several of the visitors, members of other churches, said that from what they had heard and seen, they did not discover much that differed from their regular services. As the immense congregation was dispersing, I looked into the faces of the women and could not discover that there was anything particularly downcast about them, which appearance the descriptions of previous writers have repeatedly given them. I have frequently seen such looking congregations in the denominational churches of England, Wales and Scotland; and although individuals may show such a look, certainly as a congregation they do not. After this we had an interview in the Tabernacle with Brigham Young and some of his leading counsellors, but I must defer writing of this, and our pleasant visits in the city, until my next.

We left Salt Lake City this Tuesday morning, the 27th instant, between three and four o'clock, and are now, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, at Uintah, sitting in our comfortable sleeping car "Rawlings," and waiting for the train from the East to come and take us along. It is now over four hours late and is expected here at 3 P. M.

All the company are in excellent health and spirits, and at this time are expressing their gratitude at being so comfortably sheltered from the hot sun and air. The citizens of Madison are probably suffering from rain and a cold air, but we for days have seen an unclouded sky, and every night a bright moon. At this time the sun is bright, the air warm, and all of us are in the condition know as sweltering.

After this date, please direct letters and papers to the party at Laramie, Wyoming Territory, care of Hon. B. F. Hopkins.

We expect to arrive in San Francisco next Saturday, and

may possibly stay there for a week or more, as visits to Yosemite Valley and other celebrated resorts are contemplated.

From Salt Lake to Elko—Salmon Trout Fishing and the Penalty—A Mining Town—Promontory and the Last Tie—The Chinese Laborers—Salt Lake Basin and Desert—Steep Grades—The Central Pacific Railroad—Humboldt Valley—Elko, White Pine Passengers and California Fruits—A Specie Currency—Writing En Route—An Excursion Song.

ELKO, Nevada, July 28, 1869.

We got here to a good breakfast, between eight and nine o'clock this morning. When we left Uintah, yesterday afternoon, the weather was very hot and sultry, and Dan. Tenney and Colonel Gill felt its power more than any of the rest of us, as they had gone to fish in a stream adjacent to the car, and, when the Westward-bound train came along, they had to run to catch it. Dan. caught three salmon trout, but, from the trout he has so far seen, he does not hanker after them, as they are not so small and tender as the trout caught in the streams of Wisconsin. He caught three, and, for the luxury of doing this, had to run so fast in the heat to catch the train, that one who saw his perspiring face did not envy him his sport.

We got a good supper at Promontory, and here saw the first evidence of a mining town in a hard looking man, with blue spectacles on and a cunning wagging tongue, presiding at a three-card monte table, and endeavoring to tempt betters to try to get some of the pile of gold pieces heaped before him. Here is the location of the celebrated spike and tie, but all that can now be seen is the tie in a very slim condition, caused by the cuttings of curiosity-seekers.

After leaving Promontory, we saw the Chinese laborers that are now attracting such attention, and so startling some minds

that are not fully awake to the great spirit of the present and future time. We saw crowds of them in their tents and sitting on construction cars, and no cleaner or more contented looking laborers could be seen. When our party saw them their first impulse was to cheer them, which they did with a will, while the Celestials returned the greeting by showing their ivory and broad smiles.

So long as it was light, last night, I sat on the rear end of the car and looked out on the excellently constructed gravel road bed that the train swiftly ran on.

Before reaching Promontory, the peculiarity of the Salt Lake basin had been pointed out to me, seen in the two water benches strongly marked on the mountains. One is higher than the other, and the theory concerning them is, that the basin was once filled with water, and that its two subsidencies are shown by these marks. Evaporation must be very rapid here, as perspiration stays only momentarily on the skin, and after washing your hands they are almost dry before you begin wiping them. Its power is also realized when you see the waters of the Bear, Weber and other rivers constantly flowing into the lake, and discover that its fresh water only amounts to twenty-five per cent. of the whole. These water benches are very useful to engineers in judging the height of the mountains, and General Dodge says they have greatly aided him in the work.

Before reaching Promontory we go up some high grades, among rocks and mountains, and so curved is the track that the train has to be divided and each part drawn by a separate engine.

We leave Promontory on the track of the Central Pacific road, whose grade constructed for 120 miles east of Promontory, close alongside the track of the Union Pacific, shows the competition that the bait of the Government subsidy presents. Every traveler on these good roads must wish that the differences between their management may be harmoniously adjusted, so that such energy may be more beneficially applied to the interests of this great National route.

Between Promontory and the next station the train runs forty miles without a stop, through the Salt desert. Salt Lake is yet in the distance on one side of us, surrounding large mountains, and around us is a white crusted plain, the wildness and sterility of which can only be adequately conceived from being seen. I look out of the window and all I see is the long line of telegraph poles and the dry plain, and I get the impression that the scene is like a Wisconsin prairie in November when lightly and scatteringly covered by the first early snow. Through the dull gloom I come upon Monument Rock, looming out of Salt Lake, its bareness and ruggedness making it an appropriate accessory of the sterile view. The air is deliciously cool after the hot air of the afternoon, and this is the reason of some of the party and myself not retiring to our clean and comfortable beds, which our early rise and jogging stage ride from Salt Lake City have amply prepared us for.

I must here state that we have retained the elegant Pullman car Rawlings, and ride along in it to Sacramento, surrounded by every convenience.

On awaking on Wednesday morning, I found myself breathing the cold air of the Humboldt Valley, and saw the snow capped mountains of Humboldt rising gradually around. Chinese tents and gangs of Chinese laborers, with the regular hats, pigtails, frocks and shoes, were frequently passed, and the sight gave the road an agreeable novelty, until we arrived at the lively mining town of Elko, where we stopped for an hour and a half to take breakfast and to receive the passengers coming from the White Pine mines, distant 120 miles from Elko. Here we got ripe plums, peaches and apples from California, of large size and fine flavor, and saw and lifted large leathern bags containing silver bricks from the mines and going by express to New York city. Some of our party visited the Chinese quarters, and heard from a Chinaman that they could get their washing done for \$2 per dozen. They also report seeing some fat wholesome looking Chinawomen standing beside their canvass tents and all looking smiling and

amiable. Elko is an animated looking place and the big wagons, each drawn by eight span of mules, that are constantly carrying stores to the mountains and returning from them with silver, make it more so. Here we found our paper currency at 40 per cent. discount for silver, the coins of which were being freely handled and circulated. The Indians we saw were Shoshones, and the faces of the women and children, with their piercing black eyes, giving them an intelligent look, had good features.

At Promontory, where we got our supper, the host paid \$2 per barrel for his drinking water, brought by the cars from a creek about eight miles distant. The price of the excellent supper, served with the meat and every edible good, was only \$1.00 each.

At Elko I met Colonel Dow, formerly connected with the press at Hastings, Minnesota, and latterly with the Oregon press. He is now in the mining claim business.

I intended to mail this letter at Elko, but the sudden departure of the train prevented me, and you may judge of the smoothness of the road when I inform you that nearly all this letter was written with the train running at full speed.

The following is the extemporized excursion song which the party have begun singing morning and evening and before meals. The last tones are now ringing in my ear as the train approaches the dinner station, and I send you the lines entire so that our friends in Madison may also begin singing them :

EXCURSION SONG.

TUNE—"Rosin the Bow."

We come from the State of Wisconsin,
We come from the people we know,
We come from what *once was* "Northwestern"
And to the Pacific we go.

CHORUS—And to the Pacific we go, oh, ho,
And to the Pacific we go,
We come from what *once was* "Northwestern,"
And to the Pacific we go.

We first strike the State of the "Suckers,"
 And on through the "Hawk-eye" not slow,
 We follow the Platte of Nebraska
 Just touching on Colorado.

CHORUS—Just touching on, &c.

Then climbing the heights of Wyoming,
 At Sherman in sight of the snow
 Unfurling our flag of Wisconsin,
 With ocean eight thousand below.

CHORUS—With ocean, &c.

We stop at the great Mormon city,
 The city of Women and woe,
 And there meet "immortal Brigham"
 The husband of fifty or so.

CHORUS—The husband of fifty or so, &c.

Thence on through the silv'ry Nevada
 Whose gorges and canyons echo,
 Till we drop in the beautiful valley
 Where nestles old Sacramento.

CHORUS—Where nestles, &c.

Thus counting our miles by the thousand,
 From people, to people we know,
 The men of what *once was* "Northwestern,"
 Greet now Western San Francisco.

CHORUS—Greet now Western, &c.

I will finish the account of the Salt Lake City visit, when more settled.

More about Salt Lake and the Mormons—A Talk with Brigham Young on Polygamy, Women, &c.—Mormonism and its Prospects—Arrival at Sacramento.

CAR "RAWLINGS,"

On the Road between Promontory and Sacramento,

July 28, 1869.

I may as well conclude my account of the Salt Lake trip here, riding in this elegant car and on this smooth track, as anywhere else.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

In my last letter I brought the party face to face with Brigham Young, the Mormon President of the State of Deseret. We were severally introduced to him by Mr. Hooper, and then Hon. Geo. B. Smith, and others of the party, asked the leader questions and received very prompt answers. The leader is stout built, over middle age, has light blue eyes, light brown beard, and a pleasant or determined expression, as the case may be. One of the party suggested that the crusade against Mormonism was on account of its encouragement of polygamy. The leader expressed his belief that this was only the ostensible, and not the real cause; and asked if polygamy was to be compared to the system by which thousands of females were ruined and wasted in the large cities of the Union. One of the party suggested that on account of the extravagance in dress, adopted by the women, it was only with difficulty that most young men could afford to support one wife. At this, a stern expression came on Brigham's face, and he stiffly shook his head as he said: "This is owing to the man not having the confidence of the woman, and his not being able to manage her by the strength of religion and faith. With this I can easily manage a multiplicity of wives, and make them throw such trifles as fine dress, and other vanities, to the wind; but I must confess that women, without religion and faith, are hard to manage, and with any of such I don't want to have anything to do." He said plainly that the system of polygamy was repugnant to him, but that until he had some plain manifestations from God that it was wrong, he should uphold it. He said that the government had once attempted interference with their church, and had received a warning that it could not safely be done, and if it tried it again, he believed that God would still sustain his church, and overtake its assailants with confusion. His talk was that of a man who so sincerely believed in his religion as to be quite careless of the stern facts and the inexorable logic of history. The indignant feeling of the whole civilized world might surge against Mormonism, but he was prepared to breast the

(to him) contemptible wave, and if necessary, to die like a game rooster in the midst of his wives.

To a man of the world, who has read, thought and acted, there is nothing remarkable about Brigham Young, or the origin, character or system of his religion. Any adventurer, with a little capital, can have a revelation, and if he have in connection with it a commonplace mind and nerve, and favoring circumstances, he can get converts in this world to any channel of thought or form of religion he may have a design to adopt. The strength of a religious impression is deep while it lasts, and on its continuance, with regard to the Mormon or any other church, is based the strength of the religion. If Mormonism holds out against the opinion of the civilized world, concentrated to destroy it, there will be a grander display of the power of faith and favor of the Lord, than the history of the world has yet afforded. At all events, the leaders of the Mormon church seem to cling to polygamy with the tenacity of life, when the last waves of faint carmine hue are feebly murmuring on the dark shores of death. With polygamy they will traverse deserts, locate on rocks, bear hunger, thirst and every imaginable privation, and without it, they will die at the first cloud of disaster or defeat. 'Take polygamy from the Mormon church, and it has no objective point different from the other denominational religions; retain it, and there is the secretiveness, the jealousy, the fear, the fawning of the Mohomedan faith, of which Mormonism, in Salt Lake City, is a disgusting and feeble counterpart. And yet, it is a fact, that this dark branch of patriarchal and Sultanic government, now flourishes in full-blow leaf and fruit, within thirty miles of the greatest railroad in the world, daily bringing the influences of the sects and residents of the fast cities of the United States to inspect it. And Brigham, the head of the church, with the pluck of a full-blooded rooster, fears not to meet the inspection, and deliberately hastens the facilities by arranging for a railroad from Uintah to Salt Lake City, some of the grading of which, under his management, is already done. Our party found the thirty-five miles stage

ride from Uintah to Salt Lake City and back again, the most fatiguing part of the trip from Wisconsin to Sacramento, and not one of them cares how soon the railroad is completed to Salt Lake City, by Brigham Young or any body else. And when any company get to Salt Lake City, by the railroad, stage or any other conveyance, they will see just such a city as they can see by the score in Wales or in England. But there is this remarkable difference between Salt Lake City and the severally equal populous villages of Great Britain and Ireland. In the latter places, the laws of the realm can be and are enforced, while at Salt Lake, the same national law that you and other millions of good and true men have to live up to, is not, and apparently cannot be enforced.

We have got to Sacramento, and I must continue my Salt Lake City experiences, and endeavor to describe the wonderful views that I have seen on this Central Pacific road, from early light until this 1.30 P. M. of Thursday, the 29th of July, in my next.

More about Mormonism—Arrival at Sacramento—The Thread of Narrative Resumed—Salt Lake City and its Institutions—The Hatfulness of Polygamy—Opposition Developing among the Mormons—Courtesies from Mr. Hooper—Visit to Camp Douglas and Gen. Gibbon—Entertainments by Mr. Head, Gov. Dwrkee and Delegate Hooper—The Grave of Gov. Doty—A Breakfast Swindle—"Turned up Again."

SACRAMENTO, July 29, 1869.

After a delightful railroad trip from Uintah station, passing through some of the grandest scenery in the world, we arrived in this garden of flowers and fruit, between 1 and 2 o'clock to-day.

But before I endeavor to describe the wonderful scenery that my eyes have feasted on, and which now so crowds on

my mind as to make thoughts on other subjects difficult, I must finish my write about Salt Lake City.

I referred in my last to one United States law that is not able to be enforced in Salt Lake City, and that is the enactment against polygamy; no indictment for which can be returned, for the simple reason that no jury can be got to do it. The Mormons claim that the United States Constitution does not warrant such an indictment, on the ground that it is an interference with the religious liberty that it guarantees; but the opponents of polygamy, and their number is legion and their feeling against it bitter, state that this element of the Mormon faith is strange to the spirit of the Constitution, and that the public policy of a great and progressive people, demands that it should be repressed. The exclusiveness of the Mormon religion is seen in Salt Lake City, in many forms that disgust and embitter Gentiles against the selfish faith. The signs over the Mormon stores with "Holiness to the Lord," surmounting an all-seeing eye, under which is "Zion's Co-operative Association," and at which, all Mormons, by Brigham Young's edict, are bound to trade; the stern discouragement of any social intercourse between Mormon women and Gentiles; the rumors, stories and inuendoes that fill the air about Mormon vigilance and vengeance, all are calculated to make the institution abhorrent to ninety-five out of every one hundred men and women who come along. I know that the natural instinct and practice of the free Republican Government of the United States, is to encourage the broadest liberty of thought and action to every individual; but all must know that there is a limit formed by public sentiment, which in any critical emergency, always controls and leads the Government, beyond which this liberty cannot pass. The Mormon church and its followers have at the present time the largest liberty and license. They can do what the men and women of Wisconsin, living under the same flag and United States law, cannot do without being indicted and punished. They recognize Brigham Young as a President, not only of a Church, but of a State, which they call Deseret. It is true that the United States

flag floats over their Tabernacle and public buildings, and that the United States officers enforce the revenue laws, but it is also true that the same public sentiment that in Virginia saved Jeff. Davis, in Utah Territory protects and encourages polygamy. No stronger instance of the power of public sentiment could be presented. Just imagine one little drop of water refusing to mingle with an ocean and even stopping its flow, and then you get an exact idea of the marvelous potency of this public sentiment in Utah. How long it can resist the strong tide and intercourse set in motion by the railroad, is an interesting and general subject of speculation.

I have written thus of Salt Lake and its prominent institution because the ideas presented are those evolved in conversations on the railroad cars and wherever Gentiles congregate on the way to or at Salt Lake City. But the expression I have given, is feeble, when compared with the impassioned utterances of Gentile visitors whose indignation against the polygamy branch of Mormonism is loud and deep.

When seeing Brigham several of our party remarked that his shirt and collar did not look as though a multiplicity of wives promoted neatness, but I take no stock in this remark, believing that the natural taste of a man has much to do with making him neat or otherwise, as I know several men each blessed with a particular wife, whose appearance with regard to fastidious neatness of dress is no better than that of Brigham Young.

But I must candidly write that the institution of polygamy shows no lack of thrift and industry in the appearance of Salt Lake City, or in the good order and proper behavior observable in its streets. I heard stories of Gentiles being watched and followed around, but I discovered no such surveillance, and walked around at my ease without noticing any grey-eyed, black-bearded Mormon following me; although I did discover, with regret, that wherever I met a woman she lowered or averted her face so that I could not see how her expression was.

At this time there is a significant movement in Salt Lake

City, which, in the opinion of some, may amount to something. Two of Joe Smith's sons are preaching against the polygamy branch of Mormonism, and some of our party, who heard one of them, say that the congregation was large and interesting. The young men asked Brigham to let them preach in the Tabernacle, but he refused, and they say now that they intend to keep on preaching the true faith in the city, without fear or favor from him.

A BADGER ENTERTAINMENT.

After visiting the Tabernacle and taking stock of Brigham, but not in him, the party were invited, by J. H. Head, Esq., formerly a lawyer of Kenosha, but latterly, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Utah, to accompany him to his house. Here we were very hospitably received by his amiable wife, and in her I recognized a former belle of Kenosha city, where she was the generally admired Miss Durkee. The luscious fruits and other refreshments were served on a verandah and under the shade of trees, and the fruit-laden boughs of apple, plum and apricot trees, and the surrounding mountains looming to the sky, formed a scene that could be easily associated with the frequently pictured scenes of France and Italy. After a delightful hour or so, with their Badger hosts, the company prepared for departure; and, when leaving, met ex-United States Senator Durkee, of Wisconsin, and now Governor of Utah, and his wife, who both extended to the party a cordial invitation to visit their house next day, which was accepted. Mrs. Head and her little daughter were to leave Uintah the next day with Perry Smith's railroad party, bound for Kenosha, and the good wishes of the party certainly accompanied her. I understood Mr. Head to say that he shortly intended to return to Kenosha, and would probably permanently settle in Wisconsin.

In walking back to the hotel, Mr. Hooper pointed out some very nice red sandstone which was being cut for a building, and plenty of which can be got from the Wasatch range of mountains, near the city. Brigham's house is surrounded by

a high stone wall, and a lion, bee hive and other emblems surmount the various wings.

The next morning, Mr. Hooper took us to the roof of the Tabernacle, from which we got a beautiful view of Salt Lake city, and the surrounding country of mountain, lake and plain. Going up the substantially built stairs is like making the ascent of a mountain, and more than one, before getting to the top, puffed like a porpoise. Before leaving the Tabernacle, we more closely inspected the magnificent organ, which is only one-third less, than the largest one in Boston. It is not yet finished, the builder, who is from London, England, being yet at work on it, as he will be for some time longer. Outside the present Tabernacle is the foundation for the new one, built of very fine, hard, white granite.

TO CAMP DOUGLAS.

We enjoyed, on one of the evenings of our stay, a delightful visit to Camp Douglas, where General Gibbon is stationed, in command of portions of the Second and Seventh U. S. infantry regiments. The General is well and popularly known to many Badgers, who served in the army during the war, and the invitation to visit his camp that he sent to his friend General Allen, was at once accepted by the party. The evening was very pleasant, when we rode up hill, over two miles, to the camp, beautifully located on a level plain, surrounded by mountains, and through a gorge of which, the bright, crescent-shaped moon was seen mildly beaming. From a lofty staff the stars and stripes distended in the fresh evening breeze, and fronting it were the soldiers at evening drill. Down came the flag, the reports of sergeants and officers were made, and then the full band attached to this post, as the headquarters of General Gibbon's regiment, [gave a series of excellently selected airs, including the "Mocking Bird," the programme for which had been printed at the camp by Lieutenant and Adjutant William S. Starring, U. S. A., who also circulated the programmes among the party. Hearing the entrancing music, in such a scene, and seeing the groups of soldiers,

women and children at the comfortable wooden quarters, gave an attractive idea of a U. S. soldier's life in a western camp, during peace.

GOVERNOR DURKEE'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday afternoon the party visited Governor Durkee's and enjoyed a similar entertainment to that at the house of his niece, Mrs. Head. The refreshment tables were spread in the open air, under trees, and while we partook of the luscious fruits, gazed on green verdure and tempered the warm air by looking towards the blue mountains, the towering cap of one of which was glistening with snow. Words cannot do justice to the courteous treatment we received from Governor Durkee and his estimable wife; but sufficient to write that they heartily produced in Salt Lake City, the sociality and freedom of a Wisconsin gathering. The Governor complained of correspondents of papers who had charged the non-enforcement of the United States laws in Salt Lake City upon him; when the fact is that without the indictment of a jury and the warrant of a court to act on, he is as much of a nonentity, so far as the enforcement of law is concerned, as Brigham Young desires he should be. He expects to leave Utah this fall, and pleasantly looks forward to a perhaps permanent settlement in Wisconsin. When leaving, the party gave Governor Durkee and his wife, three rousing Wisconsin cheers, that are always sustaining to friends and terrible to foes.

WHERE HE SLEEPS.

One of the most suggestive and interesting visits made by the party, was that to the grave of James Duane Doty, formerly one of Wisconsin's popular Governors. His remains lie in the cemetery near Camp Douglas, which overlooks Salt Lake valley, and near which the mountains seem to keep solemn guard. Respectfully the party surrounded the red sandstone monument and summoned to mind the memory of one who but a few years ago was a whole-souled Badger, and who entered the "shadow of the valley of death" when, with the pioneer

spirit that always distinguished him, he was on the frontier that he loved. His grave is in just such a place as a pioneer in a thoughtful moment would choose for his earthly remains; and when Badgers visit Salt Lake City, as they will do in the tide of across-the-continent railroad travel, they will not neglect to profit from the sublimity of Governor Doty's grave, and to get an impressive reminder of the past by visiting it.

HOOPER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday evening, Mr. Hooper, the delegate in Congress from Utah Territory for the past ten years, gave us a tasteful entertainment at his home. He is a Mormon, but fortunately has a wife who knows enough to only let him love and cherish her, which he does do very devotedly, as also an interesting family of three young daughters. Mrs. Hooper is an amiable looking lady, as smiling and handsome as Wisconsin women usually are, which is paying her the best compliment I can. We were most hospitably received in Mr. Hooper's elegantly furnished house, and here, among other fruits, had blackberries, the first grown in Utah Territory. After a delightful evening, we left this hospitable mormon house, feeling grateful that although Hooper was a Mormon in theory, he, like his wife, was a good sound Gentile in practice.

A SERENADE.

Mr. Hooper's kindness did not stop here, but when the moonlight of early morning was silvering Salt Lake City, he sallied out with some friends, and coming to the Townsend House, gave us a serenade that woke us to delicious melody. The strains floated soothingly on the quiet air, and the refrain, which I made out to be, "With this single ring I thee wed," will long pleasantly linger in memory.

ANOTHER BATHE.

As we were to leave Salt Lake City early in the morning, some of us could not go without taking another sulphur bath, and so Messrs. Hopkins, George B. Smith, Van Slyke and my-

self, went. One of the peculiarities of sulphur baths is, their tendency to make Democrats fraternize with Republicans, and I form this opinion from seeing George B. Smith, Philo Dunning and J. B. Smith, Treasurer Smith's brother, and the only three Democrats in the party, joining hands with Republicans when in them, and gleefully dancing around.

A BREAKFAST SWINDLE.

We got tolerable treatment at the Townsend House, but the last apology for breakfast we got there was the most barefaced swindle ever perpetrated in a Mormon or Gentile community, and I call upon Brigham Young to give old Townsend a lecture for the meanness and shiftlessness displayed in that breakfast. The breakfast had been ordered at 3:30 A. M. on Tuesday morning, and the full price paid for it, and yet when we sat down to it there was only dry bread, brown milk-warm water for coffee, no milk, and but two miserable looking attendants, who were so distressed at making apologies for the breakfast that they looked like downcast criminals, on the verge of hanging for polygamy or some other despicable crime.

I think our party, like many other Gentile parties, committed a mistake in passing by the door of the Gentile hotel, which from all accounts is a good and well kept one. We did so, thinking that we could see more of the Mormon system at Townsend's and all we saw of it is this last breakfast, enough to last us all for a life time.

GOOD BYE.

In writing good bye to Salt Lake city, I must state that Brigham Young complained that visitors did not keep up smiling when they left the city, but usually began frowning on Mormonism and giving it their hardest words. I am not surprised at the majority of American men and women acting thus, but if he wants people to continue smiling after visiting him, I can recommend him to such as Turks, Fejee Islanders

and other races who live up to the saying "of what's the odds so long as you're happy."

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I have pleasure in acknowledging the kindness and attention that the party received from Mr. Cannon of the *Deseret News*, and from Mr. Bull one of the attaches of the paper. They showed us their large and completely supplied printing and bookbinding establishment, from which a handsomely printed and excellently conducted paper is issued daily, and also other literary weekly and monthly publications; and they also presented members of the party who visited them with copies of the Mormon Bible and other documents. Both gentlemen are stout and good looking, and both have managed to prosper and keep up a decent courtesy to their fellow men, notwithstanding that they each have a multiplicity of wives. Other Mormons, with numerous wives, seem to have no milk of human kindness, or any other sort, left for the entertainment of their fellow men, but the gentlemen named are agreeable and I trust not rare exceptions.

The stage ride of thirty miles to and from Uintah tired us more than all the railroad journey to Sacramento, and when we got in our car at Uintah again we all felt grateful.

Before leaving Uintah we met Mr. Darling, formerly of Fond du Lac and President of the State Agricultural Society. He looked stout and hearty, and is, I understand, operating a forwarding business.

When we came to Uintah, Messrs. Illsley and Layton of Milwaukee were on the train, going to San Francisco.

I must reserve Sacramento and the trip to it, for my next.

Last Stage of the Journey—From Promontory to Sacramento—Magnificent Scenery of the Sacramento Valley—Wonderful Engineering Skill—Among the Mines—Old Friends Met and New Ones Found—California Fields and Orchards—A Meeting with the Chicago Commercial Party—Sacramento and Experiences Therein—Wealth and Taste—The Democrats of the Party Cheered Up—Generous Hospitality—A Steamboat Ride to San Francisco—An Affecting Reminder—At San Francisco—The Golden Gate.

SACRAMENTO, July 30, 1869.

Leaving Promontory in the evening, we ran rapidly on a plain showing a white crust of salt and a desert in appearance and quality. The eyes ranged over it and rested with some relief on the Sierra Nevadas, the varying outlines of which bounded the view. That night and next day the train ran on, stopping at good eating houses for meals, and when evening came again there was a general disposition to retire early to rest, so as to be up betimes in the morning to see the grand mountain and valley scenery that would then characterize the route, instead of the level, barren-looking plain that had lined the track for hours. Dawn was brightening into light when exclamations of delight and wonder were heard proceeding from berths where watchful and enthusiastic expectants had already risen and began to feast their eyes on the first features of the thronged glories of the Sacramento Valley. When these pine trees, rocks, mountains, valleys and streams that now lined the track were first approached, and at what place, cannot be proved by me, as I, with the rest, was quietly sleeping, unconscious alike of barren plains and fertile valleys, until awoke by the expressions of admiration that rapidly became general throughout the car. Enough to state that it was about three hours before reaching Truckee, where we enjoyed an excellent breakfast between eight and nine o'clock, and whence the train ran through marvellous and astounding

scenery, until it arrived at Sacramento between one and two o'clock. On getting up I found Mr. Fanchon and other prominent capitalists, as also Prof. Butler, of Madison, in our car, who had been visiting Lake Tahoe, a noted place of resort in the mountains, where pleasure-seekers go to gaze into the deep, clear water of the lake, and catch the trout and other fish with which it abounds. These gentlemen gave our party and Hon. Logan H. Roots, M. C. from De Vall's Bluff, Arkansas, who was also in our car, information of the interesting points of the scenery, and to them and Mr. McGowan, the courteous conductor, we acknowledge our obligations for their valuable services in this respect.

In beginning to write of the natural and artificial wonders of this scenery, my pencil for the first time halts, and I feel the impossibility of adequately describing its grandeur and beauties. The train runs along the side of pine covered mountains, and the piles of lumber that frequently meet the eyes, show a valuable product, that makes the building of the immense snow sheds, under which the train occasionally passes, of easy accomplishment, and are the source from which a vast section of country, bare of timber, is supplied. This pine, with some hardwood that is interspersed, forms the long and high trestle bridges that occasionally span canons and streams, and from which, when the train is on them, I look at the length beyond, the depth below, and the valley-seamed mountains, and feel puzzled which most to admire, the sublimity of the engineering skill of man or the magnificence of nature. On the train runs, now through a deep cut in a rock whose gray and dark shades seem sullenly to frown on us, very much like similar human fossils frown at every effort and advance of American spirit and progress; now through a tunnel in a rock whose darkness seems like the benighted mind unable to comprehend the vim and pluck of the marvellous American enterprises that astonish the world; now thundering through a long snow shed and then out in the sun, brightness and fresh air of a California morning, with valleys on each side of us, their pine covered sides looking

like an ocean, as the trees sway in the wind, and the brown rocks peeping out here and there, as though they were breasting a tide; past mountain streams that greet us with a refreshing roar or a musical gentleness, according to their size, and whose snowy foam or glistening ripples are eagerly tracked down their course of black or brown rock; past frame and adobe houses that at intervals are seen surrounded with shrubbery, flowers, fruit-laden trees, and corn and potatoe patches; past quartz mills and gold washings, with their long lines of wooden water conductors, and then the train rounds what is called Cape Horn, on a high cliff embankment, and the greatest sight of all, dazes the eyes and holds all thought and feeling in suspense. Down below us, thousands of feet, is a valley, and when I carefully put my head out of the car window, I look right into its depths. The train runs slowly along and all in the car are spell-bound. Those little brown spots, showing from the green, are the localities of mines; those brown winding tracks are the mountain paths, and those more regular looking patches of green are the cultivated places. Oh! the vastness, the length, the breadth, the height of this diversified valley, with its swelling mountains standing like proud sentinels over a scene they loved to keep watch and ward over. While looking at it the mind shrinks from contemplating the skill that has dared to make a railroad track along its beetling cliffs; and when the mountain is rounded that closes it from view, these leviathan works of nature and man are deeply and impressively fixed in memory. There are some curves of the track about here, but I did not notice that they affected the train any, although the conductor laughingly told me that it was said that on one occasion an engineer saw a light before him which he found to be the rear end of his own train. While running through this scenery, and before rounding Cape Horn, a glimpse of a lake was got, connected with which there is a melancholy story. It is called Donner's Lake, from the miserable perishing of a man by that name, with all of his party but three, on its banks, during the winter of 1849. While there, a heavy

snow fell, the cattle of the party straggled away and they were snowed in without provisions. In this emergency they had to sustain life for days by the last resort in such cases, which is eating the flesh of those allotted to die for the preservation of the rest. By this resort, when early spring came, three of the party were enabled to escape and tell the horrible tale, and the conductor told me that one of these survivors named Murphy, and now rich and prosperous, had a day or two ago ridden on his train.

On nearing Sacramento, grain, corn fields and vineyards followed in quick succession. In some of the fields the wheat had been harvested, and the look of them, with oak trees scattered here and there, was just like that of similar fields in Wisconsin in September. The grain in this section, as also in the other valleys visited in California, matures without irrigation, and as the rainy season does not begin until October, harvesters have months here to do their work, instead of days, as in Wisconsin. Among the fruit trees, surrounding every house, some fig trees, bearing fruit, were conspicuous. For several miles the train ran through the fertile and beautiful scenery formed by grain, fruit and flowers in profusion, and between 1 and 2 o'clock of Thursday, the 29th of July, all our party landed at the Sacramento depot, well and happy, after in less than two weeks, and with stopping five days on the road, pleasantly accomplishing a railroad journey of over 2,000 miles.

A MEETING.

At one of the stations, just before reaching Sacramento, we met the Chicago Commercial Party, on their way home. We got out of our car and sang them our song, and after they had cheered us and we them, and had visited their refreshment car, the trains went their several ways, one to the distant East, and the other to its near goal. Such meetings on this long road are full of interest, and the men met on such occasions are not easily forgotten.

SACRAMENTO.

We found Sacramento a handsomely built and substantial city, and to our advantage and pleasure, we met a friend there as will subsequently be seen. We were soon in comfortable quarters at the "Golden Eagle," a commodious hotel, elegantly built, and conducted by D. Callahan, a Pennsylvanian who lived at Grafton, Wisconsin, in 1848, leaving there that year, and now one of the richest and most prosperous men in Sacramento. Philo Dunning had been commissioned by Mr. Briggs, the well known former miller of Madison, to seek out his brother, Alfred, living in Sacramento. This Philo successfully did and appeared with Alfred Briggs, Esq., Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fourth District, something like Briggs of Madison, in the face, and a stout, merry-faced, hearty, good-looking man. The first thing Briggs did was to order carriages to take the party about the city. We started and enjoyed a delightful drive. We saw the new State Capitol, now nearly completed, and looking something like the Wisconsin Capitol, but no better; we saw many large and tasteful residences with neat gardens full of flowers and with oleanders in full bloom and shrubbery with variously colored flowers attracting the eyes on every side. What we saw, not only showed wealth, but what is better, taste, and the effect of these two powerful agents of man's elevation was suggestively seen wherever we turned our eyes. You and your readers must imagine row after row of handsomely surrounded stone and brick houses, because we visited one quarter of Sacramento, that I judge from what I saw, you cannot so readily imagine. Here were Chinese of the same look and no individuality, performing all the operations, staidly, promptly and industriously, known to civilized life. The quaint Chinese signs and characters over the doors of the dealers in groceries, made me feel as though I was in the "land of flowers," but those simple looking, plainly ornamented, commercial Chinese women sitting calmly in broad day-light at their doors, made me feel that hell was not far off. The afternoon was beautiful and although no rain had fallen for over two months the dust on

the hard roads was not more noticeable than on a Wisconsin road after a week or two's dry weather.

A FLOWERY OFFERING.

As already stated, the Democrats and Republicans danced lovingly together on equal terms in the sulphur water pond at Salt Lake, but while at Sacramento, Messrs. Geo. B. Smith, J. B. Smith, and Philo Dunning, received an acknowledgment of their politics that made them hold up their heads among the more numerous but less favored Republicans of the party. A lady of Sacramento, who, from all accounts, has been and is a devoted sympathizer with the Democratic party, hearing that there were three Democrats in the party, sent the representatives of the faith three bouquets of beautiful flowers, and seeing the two Smiths and Philo Dunning strutting around with them, and while their faces beamed with hopeful joy, asking the Republicans to smell, was an amusing and interesting sight. The Republicans did not feel in the least envious, but rejoiced that their Democratic friends had found in a strange land and when far away from Republican Wisconsin, something to raise their hearts that year after year of succeeding defeat, must have somewhat bowed down.

ANOTHER FRIEND.

The party found another friend here in Mr. Drew a flourishing lumber merchant of the place, who has a brother in Oshkosh in the lumbering business, and friends and relatives elsewhere in Wisconsin. He gave the party a magnificent entertainment at his house; accompanied us to the boat and when bidding us good bye, presented us with a large box of grapes, peaches, pears, apricots and plums, which we enjoyed going down the Sacramento.

After dinner on Friday afternoon, the party sung their excursion song at the "Golden Eagle," and then in carriages provided by Mr. Briggs, we went to the wharf, from which the steamer *Yosemite* was about sailing for San Francisco. Three

rousing cheers for Briggs and Drew, and then the steamer quickly bore us down the Sacramento.

Captain Poole, of the steamer, was one of the genial, pleasant, gentlemanly steam-boat captains that you read of, and I believe, meet with more, on rivers and lakes in the United States than anywhere else in the world. He treated us very courteously, and at 5 o'clock we sat down in an elegant cabin to a complete dinner, prepared by Steward Atkinson, whose reputation as an unexcelled caterer is known on more than one river in California and other States. I noticed that the water of the Sacramento river was very brown, and on asking Captain Poole the reason, he told me that when he first sailed on it, twenty years ago, it was clear as the purest water, but that the sandy washings of the gold mines, all running into it, had given it its present color. At several points down the river, the steamer stopped and took on board quantities of the large and very fine salmon that the fishermen catch here. I saw a big pile of these mammoth and handsome looking fish on the forward deck, and was told that such a pile could be seen on the boat throughout the year on every one of its trips.

AN AFFECTING REMINDER.

After dinner we gathered in the cabin, sung our song and some of us made remarks, in which we jubilated on the pleasant and comfortable trip made across the Continent. As we did this, an old man stood near and he was observed to be intently listening, while tears filled his eyes. At the close of the remarks, he came to me and said: "Oh! sir, I cannot tell you how this makes me feel. When I was coming here years ago, I had to toil for months and when I got here a bag of gold dust would barely get me a loaf bread; and now, seeing all you men feeling so happy and cheerful after a comfortable trip from the States of only six days, so reminds me of the long tedious trip, and the slow days of twenty years ago, that I cannot keep the tears from my eyes." He told me that he came from Rhode Island and that he now owned fifteen hundred acres of the best land between Sacramento and San

Francisco. He showed me some of his lately harvested crop of wheat, the ears of which were nearly half a foot long and the berry very plump and good. He said that when he got his hay bundled, he was going to make a trip overland to the States and from what others have told me, besides this man, I judge that thousands, during the present fall, will do likewise. In this connection, I may remark that all Californians, in speaking of the Eastern country, say "the States," seemingly forgetting that their country is one of them, and not the least either. Now that they are connected with the East by rail they will probably let this term, which originated in the long sea voyages, made in getting to the States, quietly drop.

AT SAN FRANCISCO.

After a pleasant sail of over 100 miles down the Sacramento, the banks of which showed plenty of fertility and careful cultivation, and the surrounding view, mountains towering in the distance in various shapes and shades, the steamer neared the bay at the entrance of which stands the celebrated "Golden Gate," formed by a fort on one side and an island of huge rocks on the other, and through which comes the blue water of the Pacific. But darkness came on before the steamer reached here, and only rock bound islands and the outlines of a sharply defined coast could be seen looming through the night. But we were compensated for the lack of daylight, by making the port of San Francisco, when it lay before us with its low and high streets brilliant with gas-light, and looking in the still night and beside the smooth water, reflecting its light, like a fairy creation of beauty, instead of the work of men's hands, who, twenty years ago, had only begun to smooth the sandy places and had not even contemplated a wharf in the water, on which now nearly half the city has advanced.

Landing, and rushing through the Babel noise of the wharf to our carriages, we were soon comfortably settled at the Occidental Hotel, from which I finish this letter, and where I will date my next.

A Visit to the Golden Gate—Among Money Kings of California—At the Journey's End—Meeting with Many Old Friends—Wisconsiners on the Pacific Coast—Whole Souled Courtesies—A Pacific Sail—The Chinese in their Quarters—California Officials and Institutions—Trip to Oakland, San Jose, New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, Menlo and other Places—California Gold Kings and their Palatial Residences—How Fortunes have been Acquired.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3, 1869.

Well, here we are in San Francisco, where the party have been for the past two or three days, chatting with former residents of Wisconsin, now settled here; receiving civilities from many of the prominent gold kings, and looking with wonder, and frequently with admiration, on the natural and acquired advantages of this fast metropolis of the Pacific slope.

When we arrived at the Occidental, the following telegram just received from Postmaster E. W. Keyes, and dated Madison, July 30th, was handed to Mr. Hopkins and read:

"Your dispatch received. All well. Everything quiet on the Catfish. Wheat and corn active. Compliments to the crowd. Don't tread on pig-tails, and look out for grizzlies.

"E. W. KEYES."

OLD FRIENDS.

Among the first to greet us in San Francisco, were Prof. Carr, General Ruggles and Ash. Vilas, all formerly of Madison. Prof. Carr is now connected with the State University of California, where he conducts a similar department to that in which he officiated for years at the University of Wisconsin. General Ruggles looks about the same as he did years ago, when his smiling face could frequently be seen on the streets of Madison, and in the office of the Secretary of State. He is now in the Recorder's office here, and, as his wife has left Wisconsin and joined him, he has nothing more to wish for on this earth to make him happy and prosperous. Mr. Vilas

is making arrangements to conduct a commission business, and, as his wife has lately left San Francisco on a visit to her relatives in Wisconsin, he is, of course, not so happy as he might be, and as he will be, when she again returns. I have met Mrs. Carr, and she expresses herself as delighted with her new home, and is enjoying to the full the bays, the valleys and the mountains adjacent to San Francisco. I also met Mrs. Higbee, formerly Lisle Lester, of the Richland county, Wisconsin, *Sentinel*. She introduced me to Miss Alexander, a popular actress in lively pieces, who is staying with her, and who has the enviable notoriety, for an actress, of having performed for five years in the theatre at Salt Lake City, during which time she lived in Brigham Young's family, but from what she told me, not in the capacity of one of his numerous temporal or spiritual or sealed wives. She is an interesting looking young lady, with a pale, thin face, whose regular features are rendered very expressive whenever her dark eyes flash, which they always do when she refers to Mormonism. Her body is slim, but when she spoke of Brigham and his institution, it seemed to look as strong as a much heavier and fleshier body, and while hearing her and looking at her, I amusingly thought how funny it would be to see Brigham endeavoring to break a dozen such women, or even one of them, into his spiritual philosophy and temporal practice. W. T. Atwood, Esq., formerly well known in Madison, as a lively and promising boy, and a nephew of General Atwood of the *Journal*, is now prosperously settled here as a successful operator in copper and other ores. He has an elegantly furnished office, to which the Wisconsin visitors frequently repair, and where they are always cordially welcomed by a gentleman whose genial courtesies are daily many and various to every member of the party.

Captain Huggins, well known in Madison years ago, when he was in the office of the Secretary of State, also greeted us at San Francisco. With all his wanderings and services on United States and Mexican war vessels, he ages but little, and looks about as he did ten years ago. This, considering that

he is yet a bachelor; excites the wonder of more than the writer.

COURTESIES.

The party, on first entering the city, were the recipients of courtesies that are pleasantly continued from day to day. The Librarian of the Merchants' Library Association presented us with tickets admitting us at will to the choicely stocked rooms, and other gentlemen in military, literary and commercial life have handsomely contributed to our pleasant and profitable entertainment. Gen. Ord invited us to take a trip on the steamer *McPherson*, and one afternoon we got on the steamer, and in company with several military officers, ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco, sailed out into the bay, visiting Fort Alcastra and a military station on an island, and steaming close to several other islands, and the celebrated "Golden Gate." At the fort we saw a tasteful and refreshing sight in a flower garden, with neatly laid out walks at the summit of the height, that we reached by a series of steep paths, taking us higher and higher, past heavy guns and embrasures, until we reached this garden gem of peace and beauty, cheerily surmounting the top of "grim visaged war." There was a fresh breeze, as there always is here during the afternoon, and when nearing the Golden Gate, where the swell of the Pacific ocean was felt, the steamer got a lively motion, that appeared to be generally appreciated by our party; although one or two of them were evidently on their guard against an attack from sea sickness. When we first sighted the Pacific, looking vast and blue, through the narrow width of the Golden Gate, Dan Tenney stationed himself at the bow and under the inspiration of the scene, indulged in a rousing song, as he usually does when affected by the great sights of nature or the triumphs of art. And he is not the only one who does this, but several of us do it more or less in this exhilarating atmosphere, when surrounded by such impressive scenes, and thus find a pleasant vent for our excited feelings. After seeing all of interest in

San Francisco bay ; not the least attractive objects to us being the French and American war steamers *Astrea* and *Pensacola*, and the fleet of other war vessels and ships of commerce of all sizes, from every part of the world ; we were landed and escorted by the military officers who had so handsomely entertained us, to our hotel.

Next day Mr. Greene and others, on the invitation of Lieutenant Kennedy, a Jefferson county acquaintance of Mr. Greene's, visited the *Pensacola*, and enjoyed a pleasant and suggestive inspection.

VISIT TO OAKLAND.

The party enjoyed a very pleasant visit to Oakland, a flourishing and promising place across the bay from San Francisco, where they were choicely entertained by Colonel La Grange and other residents. Colonel La Grange will be known to you and many of your readers as a former resident of Ripon, Wisconsin, and as the gallant Colonel of the 1st Wisconsin regiment of cavalry. He is now Superintendent of the mint at California, and is generally respected as an able official and superior man. I was prevented by another engagement from accompanying the party to Oakland, and therefore take the following account of the visit from one of the daily papers published at that place :

"The Wisconsin excursion party paid a visit to Oakland yesterday, arriving on the noon train, and were received by Gen. La Grange, their host, and a number of the leading citizens of Oakland, among whom were Col. A. J. Coffee, Col. J. C. Hayes, Dr. Pendleton, D. L. Emerson, J. Clark, and members of the Press. They visited the college buildings, and walked through the town admiring its many beauties, after which they proceeded to the residence of Gen. La Grange. After spending a brief season in social chat, the company sat down to a bounteous collation, at which wine flowed plentifully, and wit was as sparkling as the wine. Congressman Hopkins toasted Gen. La Grange and lady. Gen. La Grange, he said, was an old resident of Wisconsin, and the party

present, representing the people of that State, could bear witness to his worth, and the estimation in which he was held in his old home. They had watched his course from boyhood, and when he, a young man, gave his services to his country, in suppressing a powerful rebellion that threatened the life of the nation, they were proud of his gallant career, and the pride was participated in by all the people of the State which claimed him as its son. Wisconsin was proud of him, and could congratulate California upon the acquisition of so good a citizen and so noble a man. Those who had known him in his old home, were happy to meet him on the shores of the distant Pacific, and pleased to see him settled in so beautiful a locality, and surrounded by all that was calculated to make life pleasant.

"At the conclusion of Congressman Hopkins' remarks, the entire company applauded the sentiments uttered, with great enthusiasm.

"A toast to the Wisconsin delegation, called forth a humorous response from Col. Charles R. Gill, Attorney General, between whom and George B. Smith, who responded for California, a lively season of repartee ensued, to the infinite amusement of all present. The delegation then sang their excursion song, Mr. Tenney leading, and the balance of the party coming in strong at the chorus.

"After these pleasures had ended, the party were taken in carriages through the city, and shown the many attractive features of the place. They expressed themselves delighted with Oakland, and were enthusiastic in their praise of its attractiveness. Our beautiful oaks and shady avenues were particularly admired."

THE CHINESE.

We visited the Chinese quarters where we saw the busy celestials in their haunts of pleasure and commerce. The streets were full of them and the sameness of the expression of their faces was constantly noticed. The most interesting visit was made to the wholesale store of Fung Tang, an edu-

cated and polished Chinaman who talks and writes English very perfectly. He received us very pleasantly and as we sat in his store refreshed us with cigars and excellent black tea, served in small cups. In answer to questions, he said that his countrymen wished to become citizens of the United States, and that the sending of the remains of dead Chinese to be buried in China, was only a custom that the habits and circumstances of a residence in this country, would in time, render less common. He inquired particularly about the quantity of Ginseng raised in Wisconsin and the price at which it sells, and said he wanted to buy all he could get. This shows a chance for trade and those in Wisconsin having Ginseng for sale can find a prompt purchaser in Fung Tang of San Francisco. We also visited the Chinese Theatre, and saw a remarkable performance, which continued a play that had then been exhibiting for three or four nights. The chief points of the play seemed to consist in half dressed men with diabolically painted faces who twisted and swayed their bodies about for some minutes at a time to each other, and to a Chinese woman looking and holding her hands like the women figures occasionally seen on tea chests. She had long black hair, which, as she ran around with the men on the stage, and when kneeling on it, apparently under strong emotion, she shook out very gracefully at full length, frequently dashing it on the stage, as though it were the lash of a whip. She seemed to be in a constant blush, which was evidently not owing to the singular liberties the men took with her, but to a thick coat of red paint. The shrill sounds of the Chinese orchestra were frequently interspersed with heavy gong stops, that prevented the squeaking voices of the actors and every other sound from being heard. The stage scenery was a Chinese house front, and when the actors rushed and tumbled about the most and the woman energetically shook her head and swung her hair around, the applause of the Chinese spectators reached its height. Seeing the Chinese placidly and quietly conducting their business in their stores; seeing them busy ironing linen and skillfully squirting water

over it, from their mouths; seeing them active and steady in all the occupations of civilized life, and then seeing them in their gambling haunts, playing as steadily and methodically as they work, affords an interesting sight, that the present agitation on Chinese immigration, makes very suggestive. We owed our visit to Fung Tang and much of what we saw of the Chinese, to the courtesy of Ex-Governor Burnett, the first Governor of the State, and now one of its most conscientious and respected citizens.

OTHER VISITS.

One day, the party visited Governor Haight, and were introduced to him and the Lieutenant Governor. They at present occupy plainly furnished rooms in San Francisco.

The California Bank is the institution of California, and by the invitation of Mr. Ralston, the cashier and also one of its chief managers, the party visited there and saw bars of silver and gold, the former of the value of from \$1,400 to \$3,000, and the latter averaging \$3,000. They also saw forty boxes of Mexican silver dollars, prepared for shipment to Europe to accommodate the present cumbersome system of exchange prevailing there and elsewhere in this, with regard to currency, half-civilized world.

We also visited the refining establishment connected with the bank, and where the surprising economy of chemistry is seen to its fullest extent.

Near this establishment is another, where sulphuric and nitrate acids, essential in the development and refinement of gold and silver, are produced.

We next went to the Mission Woolen Mills, and saw here a very gratifying sight, in the wool, the extensive machinery and fine blankets and cloths. The operatives are Chinese, and the excellence of their skill and labor enables these mills to compete, in all respects, with any others in the world.

VISIT TO SAN JOSE.

This place, pronounced San Hosa, is about sixty or seventy

miles southeast of San Francisco, and we went on a special train, provided for us by Mr. Ralston, to Santa Clara, where we found carriages, sent by Mr. Ralston, in waiting to take us, the drive of three miles to San Jose. In passing through Santa Clara, we went through the plantation of Mr. Pierce, and there the carriages stopped while we went into a magnificent orchard and patch of sweet strawberries, where we helped ourselves to that fruit and to the ripe and luscious peaches that surrounded us on every side. This was a feast worth enjoying, and all felt on getting again into the carriages that the pleasures of it could not easily be forgotten. We were accompanied to San Jose by Ex-Senator Cary of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and well known to many gallant Badgers as the effective Surgeon of the 12th Regiment. He has been living here for some months past for the benefit of his health, which, I judge from his improved appearance, he has completely recovered. The ride to San Jose was very pleasant, the main road being hard and smooth as an English post road and lined with graceful and venerable looking Sycamore trees, said to have been planted by the first missionaries over one hundred years ago. The fine residences and cottages surrounded with trees and neat flower beds that were frequent on both sides of the road, gave the whole scene a neat look that was very attractive and suggestive of an old and richly settled country. Near at hand, the bright brown of wheat fields varied the scene while the more distant, mountains and valleys ranging on every side in the distance supplied every needed incentive to fancy or remembrance. We got good accommodations at a first class hotel, and before going to bed a number of the citizens accompanied by a band came and serenaded us, for which the thanks of the party were returned by Messrs. G. B. Smith, Hopkins, Gill and the writer. San Jose is a handsome looking and spirited place, having a high and impressive looking stone court house, several convents; other substantially built public edifices and two daily newspapers. The hotel we stopped at was in all respects metropolitan.

THE ALMADEN MINE.

The object of our visit to San Jose, was to start from there to the Almaden quick-silver mine, distant in the mountains from San Jose, fourteen miles. In the morning, carriages also supplied by the gold king Ralston, were in waiting to convey us to the mine, and the party started for there accompanied by Mr. White, Mr. Ralston's agent, and by Mr. Cargill an English M. P., and one of the managers of the Oriental bank now being established at Japan. The road was beautiful but dusty, and on arriving at the base of the mountain up which we had to ascend, we stopped at a spring of Vichy water, bottled for use in other and distant places, and quenched our thirst. The taste of the water is somewhat like that of Soda, and its qualities are highly medicinal. The horses then began to slowly ascend the mountain, and in going up, we enjoyed some grand views. One of them that we saw, when nearly at the top, was very grand and inspiring. It was of a vast valley, brown with wheat fields and dotted with evergreens, and laying like a scene of peace and hope, between overhanging mountains. While looking at it, bright in the sun-light, and breathing the pure air, a man felt near to his Maker and better fitted to approach His holy presence. At last we got to the mine, and saw the carmine-colored quartz, that was being constantly brought into the light from the depth of 500 feet below the tunnel shaft. Many of the specimens, picked at hazard from the heaps, showed eighty per cent. of quicksilver, represented in the quartz, by the carmine color. We walked a long way in the tunnel, warm and damp, and bored three hundred feet below the summit of the mountain, until we came to the shaft, down which the miners went for 500 feet, and up which they sent the buckets of quartz that an engine was hauling, and which was being carted away in trucks on a railroad track. As we walked in the tunnel, and the men passed us, they looked worn and cadaverous by the flickering light of the candles. One of the managers, the day previous to our visit, had come up in the bucket from

below with Anna Dickinson, who went through all the workings of the mine. When in the open air again, I noticed an affecting sight, in a fence surrounding a grave at the top of one of the highest mountains, likely that of some miner, who, after laboring in life in the darkness of the bowels of the earth, had left his remains in a bright and free place, always reached by sun and wind. On descending to the plain again, we visited the building where the quartz, brought from the mountain on a railroad track, is smelted and the pure quick-silver is seen running into iron pans. The ride back to the hotel was a very dusty one, and after brushing off and dining, we went some miles on the railroad towards San Francisco, to Menlo, where Messrs. Ralston, Hayward and other gold kings were waiting with carriages to receive us. We then visited the houses and plantations of Messrs. Atherton, Selby and other gentlemen, and saw sights that made us think that the extravagant descriptions of gardens in the Arabian Night's Entertainments were not much, if any overdrawn. Around us were trees, plants and shrubbery of all varieties, loaded down with fruits and flowers. Apples, pears, plums, apricots, peaches, figs, quinces, all kinds of berries and other fruits were on every side of us in luxuriant profusion. Limbs of apple trees, were so thickly clustered with large, luscious, fruit, that even the crotch of the tree was invaded and rosy cheeked apples, apparently disputing for possession, were seen wedged in there. As you walked along, monstrous specimens of different kinds of fruit came in contact with your head or rose at almost every step, and enormously sized black-berries plentifully streaked the green bushes with glossy black. Seeing all this fruit ripe at once, and eating of it to repletion, was very like being in a fairy land, but this feeling was increased by the sight of the fountains, flower beds and fish ponds in the center of the plantations, and fronting the residences of the proprietors. The pure cold water rising so forcibly in the air from the artistically designed spouts and descending so refreshingly around in graceful showers has been conveyed from the mountains at an immense cost, which

was jointly borne by the several proprietors, and they now each pay \$50 per month for keeping the machinery going. This water supply is not only essential for ornament but for the successful raising of the prodigious fruit crop. On one of the plantations a man threw raw meat and strawberries into the pond and trout jumped to the surface and got them. Here also was a park in which tame antelopes, young and old, were seen running and bounding among the trees and bushes. The residences of the hospitable proprietors, whether they were at home or absent, seemed open to their friends, who entered their magnificent drawing and refreshment rooms and made themselves and the company as much at home as though they were the regular entertainers. Mr. Selby conducted us to his own grounds, where we saw a very complete stable, capable of conveniently accommodating forty horses, and also two or three trees of the famous Yosemite variety. They were yet young, but thrifty, and Mr. Selby was watching their growth with intense interest, in the hope of discovering that they would be mammoths like the originals. Their appearance is like that of the cedar tree. After receiving an elegant hospitality, part of the company drove with Mr. Ralston to his house and the rest went the distance of seven miles from Mr. Selby's by special train. Mr. Ralston's house is palatial in appearance, finish and accommodation, and when entertaining his friends he can give over sixty of them separate sleeping rooms. Before dinner, the company promenaded in the drawing room and in the commodious dancing hall, the floor of which was of alternate strips of walnut and laurel wood, which looked very tasteful. When the guests were seated at the long table in the magnificent dining hall, a band gave sweet music which was continued during the sumptuous repast. When the numerous courses had been done full justice to, Hon. B. F. Hopkins arose and in a few remarks expressed the thanks of the company for the considerate attention and courtesy bestowed on them by Mr. Ralston while in California. One of Mr. Ralston's friends then stated that he knew that the host was a modest man, and to save his feelings from what

might be uttered in speeches, he moved an adjournment, which the host cordially and laughingly seconded, and the company adjourned to the drawing room.

Mr. Hayward, another gold king, then drove us a short distance to his residence, and on entering his grounds we found them light as day with gas lamps, and the fountains playing with very beautiful effect. He first conducted us to his stable, the stalls of which were of walnut wood, with gilt mouldings, and the floor of alternate strips of laurel and walnut wood. The harness room was neat and tasteful, and mirrors were not only there, but on several of the panels of the stable. Between thirty and forty horses could be elegantly accommodated here, and a span of gray and another of bay horses that were brought on the floor, showed the excellence of the stock, as they were horses, in appearance and quality, that at once put Greene and the other horsemen of the company, in ecstasies. As Hayward was formerly a Wisconsin man, having left Jefferson county for the land of gold, the company resolved to sing him their excursion song, and so they gathered round him and gave it with a will. Mr. Greene stayed all night with his hospitable Jefferson county friend, and in the morning enjoyed such a five mile drive, behind Hayward's fast horses as he will always appreciate and never forget. The balance of the company went by special train to San Francisco, and during the short trip sang their excursion song in honor of Mr. Crocker, the energetic Superintendent of the Central Pacific road, who during the delightful afternoon and evening, by his pleasant manners and courtesy, had greatly contributed to our enjoyment. With the wonderful sight-seeing of the past day or two fresh in our overloaded minds, we went straight to our beds at the Occidental, where probably most of us again enjoyed in dreams the wonderful fertility and richness of the land of gold.

THE GOLD KINGS.

I made it my business to learn something of the history of two of the prominent gold kings, Ralston and Hayward.

Their history shows the usual course to honorable wealth, which is always marked by perseverance, confidence, pluck, and untiring industry. Mr. Ralston is yet a young looking man, and began his business career as clerk of a Mississippi steamboat. He then became connected with a banking establishment in California, and by his energy and sagacity worked himself to the front rank of the business enterprises that he now occupies. In person he is a lithe, middle sized man, with a pleasant looking face, and the sharp, quick habit of the business man, which, however, in his case, easily gives way to the promptings of a courtesy that when occasion and circumstances require, is never wanting.

Mr. Hayward left Jefferson county, Wisconsin, years ago, with no other fortune than that afforded him by a year or two's education in a log school house on the bank of Bark river, and a number of such sterling qualities as resolution, self respect and an indomitable will. He went to the mines of California and worked for several years with only the common success of the ordinary miner. No big lead led him to immediate affluence, and he might have gone to gambling and to desperation as many other unsuccessful miners went, only for the writing book words of "Learn to labor and to wait," that held him steadfast to himself and correct principles through many a trying ordeal of hard living and temptation. At length his lucky moment came; his glittering goal was reached and one of the richest mines of California lay at his feet. With riches accumulating around him, he remained the same steady, laborious man, as when poor and struggling, and now when on one of the highest pinnacles of substantial wealth, he steadily continues business as a banker and luxuriates in his natural taste for a comfortable home and good horses. In person he is tall, moderately stout, and his face, with auburn whiskers, is always lighted with a warm expression of kindness, and by blue eyes that mirror geniality and good feeling. The history of the career of these gold kings is suggestive, and I give it so that the company who enjoyed their lavish hospitality, may more particularly remember them,

and that all may learn the secret of the success that it so emphatically teaches.

But I must on with the incidents of the trip, and will give more of them in my next.

Last Days and Scenes on the Pacific Coast—Homeward Journey—The Sights of San Francisco—A World in Miniature—A Firemen's Reception—The Badgers kindly taken in—A surfeit of Fruits—Hard earned Gold—Wheat Kings—Another Pleasant Tarry at Sacramento—On the Pullman Car Wasatch Return Song●

SAN FRANCISCO, August 6, 1869.

We are on the eve of leaving this luxurious city and the gay streets that we have looked up and down during our stay, with such admiring interest, will soon be far behind us; but they and the many objects of attraction and beauty that we have seen, will not easily be forgotten. We have driven out to the Cliff House and seen the huge and slimy seals basking on the rocks near the Golden Gate; we have visited Woodward's gardens, on the invitation of the proprietor, and seen the white bear and the other curiosities; we have inspected museums rich in treasures of painting and sculpture; we have been to the churches and heard in magnificent edifices sound and affecting sermons and entrancing music and singing; we have looked into the saloons gaudy with paintings and ornaments, and seen some drink the costly imported wines and liquors that it is only fashionable to call for here at twenty-five cents per glass, while others refreshed themselves at the lunch tables that are constantly covered with cold salmon and meats; we have walked up the steep streets lined with substantial stone and brick buildings, and noticed the iron bars with which some of them are braced in contemplation of another earthquake visit; also the conspicuous sign of the North-

western Mutual Life Insurance Company, reminding us of a home institution; also the business bustle by day and the music and stir at night, when reckless life riots and runs rampant; also the many newspaper and printing offices that the city can boast of; also the men and women from all parts of the world who proudly, staidly, dejectedly, hastily or thoughtlessly pass on the sidewalks by day or loiter on them in reduced crowds at night; also the Chinese and other curiosity shops where some of the party got ingenious ornaments and trinkets for the pleasure of their wives and families, and in short, have feasted our eyes with the worthy and enterprising sights of one of the most flourishing cities of the Union and filled our minds with more food for thought than can be profitably digested in a life time.

A GRAND DISPLAY.

As I write, the street in front of the Occidental shows a grand display, and the air is rent with the piercing shrieks of twenty-five engines. This animated pageant is the welcoming reception to Chief Engineer Whitney, who has been East for six months. The music of successive bands soothingly mingles with the surrounding clamor, each heading fire and other organizations, the men and horses of which step proudly along. All the engines are so covered with flowers that their bright brass and steel are only barely seen, and the teams drawing them are gay with flags. Last but not least of the procession, comes the Good Templars, mounted marshals and a full band leading the long array of steady looking men, whose temperance flags and emblems, boldly held aloft, at every twenty feet or so, flaunt in the lights from both sides of the street of magnificent saloons doing a rousing and prosperous business.

I must not omit to mention that many private and unexpected courtesies were received by members of the party, which showed the good will of all classes of Californians towards Badgers. As a party of three of them were one afternoon riding to the Cliff House, a gentleman living in an elegant house accosted them and finding that they were some of the

Wisconsin visitors, invited them in, introduced them to his family, set luscious fruits and other refreshments before them, lent them his glass to look out on the Pacific, and gave them such a treat of genuine sociality as they will never cease to be grateful for. This, as a sample of considerate California hospitality and of which several such samples can be given from the experiences of the party.

While here, the residents of San Francisco told us that they were enduring their winter season. This seemed strange to us, seeing, as we did, constant dry weather, sunshiny days and with only occasional mornings and evenings damp and chilly. There was also plenty of green in the irrigated places, but the Californians only casually noticed these, so intent were they on looking forward to the copious rains of November and December when the brown looking valleys and hills would become clothed in rich, green verdure and the sometimes harsh wind would be succeeded by balmy breezes.

Fruits of all kinds were so plentiful that I think all the party after three or four days became satiated with them. At breakfast luscious cantelopes were served; at lunch at 12 o'clock, peaches, apricots, plums, apples, pears, grapes and melons were on the table, and also at dinner, at 5 o'clock with the addition of strawberries, and again at supper from 9 until 12 o'clock. Ripe grapes of various choice varieties could be got for ten cents per pound and for much less at wholesale, and I found that ten cents invested in either apples, pears, grapes, peaches, apricots, plums or melons, got more of the fruit than one voracious fancier could comfortably dispose of at a time. But taking everything all round a man can live no cheaper or better in California on silver and gold than he can here on greenbacks, and the poor man cannot live so cheaply; although the large and choicely stocked markets of San Francisco afford a variety and profusion of flesh, fish, fowl, fruits and vegetables equal to the best and most favored of the Metropolitan cities of the world.

All that the earth affords in California is plentiful and cheap, but I must except gold and silver from the category, which

from all accounts and observation are the dearest of the resources, as good and general authority states that every gold dollar issued, costs \$1.25 in specie. This fact leads me to wonder at so many thousands of men being content to pass laborious years in dark mines in the earth's bowels; when everything required for their necessity and comfort can be so much more easily and pleasantly got on the earth's surface. Much of this hardly earned metal goes to the wine producers of France and other countries who get rich and fat while working in pleasant vineyards; to the plethoric brewers of the fine ales of Great Britain and Ireland, who luxuriously enjoy life on the earth's surface; into the United State's Treasury in payment of the heavy duty on imported wines and liquors, and into the vaults and safes that a fastidious system of commerce peremptorily insists shall be kept constantly filled with idle coin, so that all kinds of barter in every production of man's skill and ingenuity may be managed and balanced through this comparatively useless agent.

Before leaving San Francisco, I met Mr. Sharpstein, a well known lawyer and politician, formerly of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Mr. Hyam, a young man from Fitchburg, Dane county, who now is prospering here. Others of the party also met Mr. James, a prominent lawyer, formerly of Wisconsin.

As most of the company had made arrangements to be in Wisconsin again within a month, the contemplated visits to the Yosemite Valley and some other noted resorts had to be abandoned; but General Allen arranged to visit his sisters at Stockton; Dr. Treat to visit friends at Marysville; Messrs. Sawyer, Smith, Hay and Moseley to visit the Geyser's and the company generally to rendezvous at Sacramento on the 7th of August, and leave for home on the morning of the 8th.

THE RETURN.

On the morning of the 7th, the company in San Francisco left by the steamer for Vallejo, thirty miles down the bay, when they took the train for Sacramento. Vallejo has not only the appearance of a sea port, but every advantage to

make it a flourishing one. We saw the first elevator seen in California here, and heard that it would be used in shipping the products of the adjacent rich wheat fields to New York and Liverpool.

A WHEAT KING.

I have described some gold kings and I must now write a little about a wheat king. Living near Sacramento, is Mr. Green, who nearly twenty years ago left Kenosha, Wisconsin, to farm in California. He was over four months crossing the plains and making the trip, and he and his wife now went from Sacramento to Chicago on the same train with us in less than six days. He is a hale and hearty looking man, now wealthy and prosperous and he told me that his last crop of wheat weighed seventy tons, while his other grain and fruit crops were equally heavy.

On arriving at Sacramento, the place looked lively with women and children, looking through smoked glass at the eclipse, and we had not been long at the Golden Eagle before the friendly Briggs and Drew again put in an appearance and began to make us happy. On the hotel counter stood a neatly painted keg, filled with the production of one of California's choicest vineyards, and significantly labelled as follows, in gold gilt letters :

CALIFORNIA'S GREETING

TO

WISCONSIN.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

A. BRIGGS.

1869.

We spent the evening in riding in carriages furnished by the hospitable Briggs, and after a pleasant session in our parlor with those lights of Sacramento, Briggs and Drew, retired early to rest.

Gen. Allen and the party visiting the Geyser's joined us here and the last had much to tell of what they saw and heard at the hot springs. They enjoyed a very picturesque ride to the Geysers ; when there got good accommodation ; saw plenty

of smoke, boiling water and black craters and came back bringing a bottle of the water that could be used as ink for writing. During their stay at the Geysers, they enjoyed a dance and found the ladies present, who were there for their health, very sociable and well informed.

At Sacramento I met a Mr. Bennet, formerly a printer in the *Journal* office; more lately a soldier in the Union army, and now an obliging acting conductor on the Central Pacific road.

THE START.

A little after 6 o'clock in the morning, we entered the Pullman car "Wasatch," bound for home. This car made one through trip from Sacramento to New York, and had arrived the previous day from New York city on the return trip. But we found her all ready and in good order to run several thousand miles more.

Briggs and Drew stuck to us until the last, and after warmly grasping their friendly hands we gratefully wished them a hearty God speed as the train quickened its Eastward bound motion.

THE RETURN SONGS.

During the trip, the following songs, the first composed by Judge Gary, of Oshkosh, and the last by Mr. Hanks, of Madison, were repeatedly and successfully sung, along with the Excursion song, under the melodious leadership of the efficient Dan Tenney. Mr. Burdick also awakened the sentiment of the party, by some of the plaintive minstrel airs that are so touching, and all joined in the loud or tender choruses of the songs so heartily and tastefully as to fill the Wasatch with such music as probably will never float from its windows again, arousing and delighting or astonishing the occupants of adjacent cars, while the train whiled down the heights of the Sierra Nevadas, and swiftly ran through the barren plains and fertile prairies:

FROM WISCONSIN TO

ALL ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

We started out one summer day,
 Unto Chicago made our way,
 To go to California—
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS.

Hocus pocus, on the run,
 Badgers out to have some fun,
 With boys in the land of the setting sun,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

One day at Council Bluffs were we,
 And yet another at Laramie,
 And many a curious sight did see—
 All on the Pacific railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus pocus, &c. •

Then ever the mountains and plains we go,
 To the home of the saints in the valley below
 Where Mormons are high and Gentiles low,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus pocus, &c.

Then away to the Golden State we fly,
 Where mountains lift their heads to the sky,
 And fruit abounds, and the trees are high,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus pocus, &c.

Where Chinese John has found his way,
 And become a "question of the day,"
 In politics a part to play,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus pocus, &c.

We see the sights, with Raiston dine,
 Eat of the fruits and taste the wine,
 And visit the famous Almaden mine,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus pocus, &c.

And well we pay for what we see,
 With "something that chinks" for currency,
 And greenbacks down to 73,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus, pocus, &c.

So, after a week, we bid adieu
 To the broad Pacific, and start anew,
 Virginia City next we view,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus, pocus, &c.

We ramble about, away below
 The surface a 1,000 feet or so,
 With a pocketful of rocks we go,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus, pocus, &c.

Away upon the wonderful trail,
 That binds the continent with its rail,
 Long may it flourish and never fail,
 All on the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus, pocus, &c.

Far over mountain, desert and plain,
 We hie to our Badger home again,
 Content with those we love to remain,
 Far from the Pacific Railroad.

CHORUS—Hocus, pocus, &c.

•
 HOME AGAIN.

Home again! Home again!
 From Ocean's distant shore,
 And, Oh! it fills our hearts with joy
 To meet our friends once more.
 Here we dropped the parting tear,
 To cross the mountain range,
 And now again we all are here,
 From country new and strange.

Music soft, mem'ries dear,
 Linger round the spot,
 And now we're once again with those
 With whom we cast our lot.
 We've been across the continent,
 And olden friends we've met—
 Friends though there in sweet content
 We leave with deep regret.

Home again! Home again!
 With hearts refreshed anew,
 We greet our welcome home again,
 To share it now with you.
 In sharing it with those at home,
 We'll not withdraw our hand
 From those who with us went and come
 The journey overland.

(Repeat Home again, &c., at close.)

In my next, the closing incidents and the last paragraph of this suggestive Pacific Railroad Excursion, will be given.

Notes of the Return Trip—The Scenery of the Sierra Nevadas—Visit to Virginia City and its Silver Mines—Reno and its Springs and Flies—Vice President Colfax and Party—Moss Agates—A Rock-covered Plain—Another Wisconsin Man Found—A nice Supper at Bitter Creek, where Water had to be brought Seventy Miles—A stretch of Sandy Desert—Among Green Fields Again—Thankful Resolutions and Speeches—The Lessons of the Journey—The Pacific Road and its Prospects.

ON THE ROAD, August 8 to 14, 1869.

Quickly the train on our return ran from Sacramento and through the grand scenes of the*Sierra Nevadas, until afternoon, when the "Wasatch" was detached from the train and left at Reno. Here most of the company took stages and went twenty-two miles in the mountains to Virginia City, where the vast silver mines at that place were inspected. The scenery on the road was very fine, and the dark, blue mountains looking broad and vast, and with every seam and shade strongly showing in the light of the setting sun, formed a scene that riveted every eye. When on the highest mountain road, the carriages going from Virginia City to meet Vice-President Colfax at Reno, were seen, and their appearance as they swiftly came in sight and went by, was very picturesque. On arriving at the city, Mr. Allen, the courteous agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, was very courteous in his reception of the party, and by his considerate attentions, greatly contributed to their pleasure. They received every civility from the officials connected with the mines and were enabled to go 1,000 feet down into their workings, where the silver ore glistens and is picked at night and day by toiling miners. All the costly and wonderful machinery used in separating the silver from the ore and in weighing the precious metal was seen, and so delicate were the weighing scales that they gave Hon. George B. Smith the exact weight of one of the hairs of his head, showing that it weighed the two hundredth part of a grain. The city

abounded in fast life, and gambling, that usual concomitant of mining, was fully represented. After the visitors had seen the mines, in the usual dresses to protect them from the wet and damp, and had seen the novel sights of the stirring place, they left for Reno early the next afternoon and arrived there in time to go on with the train that left between 4 and 5 o'clock.

Those of the company remaining at Reno, found that the house fly was very plentiful there. The flies filled the car and covered the tables at the hotels and restaurants of the town. Reno is situated on a plain surrounded by mountains, and the smoke that can be seen rising early in the morning is that of steamboat springs, which are distant ten miles on the plain. A large mountain stream of cold, pure water runs through and passes by Reno with a swift current, and I gratefully remember it, because on a warm evening after a hot day, I bathed in it and got relief from the heat, and a good night's rest. Early in the morning after our arrival at Reno, Vice President Colfax and wife and other ladies and gentlemen, among whom were Lieut. Gov. Bross and Col Bowles, arrived there and went on to Virginia City. At Reno I saw a man whose occupation I could not judge of from his dress, going around with a revolver pendant from his waist, but he did not impress me as being particularly ferocious. In pleasant contrast to this sight, I saw boys and girls going to a school, at which I heard about one hundred were daily educated. When the train arrived the "Wasatch" was attached to it, and with the company all on board, was soon running from Reno, among the plains and mountains of Nevada. The next morning we breakfasted at Truckee, and here some of the party began buying the moss agates that boys sell here cheap, and which about some of the stations beyond, can be picked up by the quantity. All day long the train ran steadily on through a plain lined with rocks, some near and some distant, and of all kinds of shapes; some like human heads; some like fortresses; others like animals. The panorama they presented was interesting, and the grotesqueness of the rocks, without a tree or even a blade of

grass to in the least hide them, was very marked. Gliding among them hour after hour, and seeing their spectral shapes in the gathering twilight, caused quaint thoughts and conceits that entertained the mind until darkness closed the view. These rocks gradually disappeared and then a sandy desert bounded with brown looking hills was the prevailing scene. At the stations we saw groups of Chinese and Pyute Indians and from one of the former several of the party bought Chinese hats at 75 cents and 50 cents in silver per hat.

An hour or two before reaching Bitter Creek station where we took supper, I recognized at a station, a familiar face, and at once greeted Mr. Crowley, formerly a conductor on the Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien railroad. He is now a Division Superintendent on the Central Pacific, and on entering our car he received a warm welcome.

In returning, through the time having been recently changed we did not find such good eating houses as when going out; but at Bitter Creek station, in the midst of a desert we got the nicest of suppers, and were waited on by tidy and pleasant looking women that it was charming to look at and talk to in this barren place, as it would also be in the brightest spots of earth. House wives surrounded by every convenience, can judge of the trouble encountered by these ladies in keeping a well supplied table, when I write that all their drinking water had to be carried seventy miles. We rose from this supper feeling more than ever before, that kind hearted, active women were an essential, that men especially hungry ones, could not do without.

. On the train went for over 500 miles through a sandy desert never stopping day or night, only for the refreshment of the passengers or the supply of the locomotives. Then the Platte river was reached and the prairie land began to get green and more fertile until long before reaching Omaha the grass waves in undulating growth, and houses, cornfields and even a school house are within the view as the eyes look over the vast extent of prairie. And Oh! how refreshing this green is, after the long stretch of bare desert. How the cool air of a grassy

prairie is welcomed, after the hot air of the sandy plains. How the eyes revel in the sight of waving trees. After leaving Omaha the verdure increases and the vast corn fields, and the numberless shocks of wheat that fill the eye to the horizon's verge while passing through Iowa and Illinois complete the effect of one of the most powerful contrasts that I have ever seen.

RESOLUTIONS.

Before reaching Chicago a meeting of the party was held, with Hon. Geo. B. Smith as chairman, at which the following resolutions, reported by a committee consisting of Messrs. Van Slyke, Gary and Wyman, were unanimously adopted :

"WHEREAS, The members of the Wisconsin Excursion party homeward bound, appreciating the privileges they have enjoyed upon their trip to the Pacific coast, the pleasure of which has been unmarred by accident or dissension, hereby

"*Resolve*, That we especially tender our thanks to Hon. Philetus Sawyer and Hon. B. F. Hopkins for their courtesy and kindness, through which we have been enabled to participate in this delightful excursion which has throughout been enlivened and inspirited by their genial good fellowship ; also,

"*Resolved*, That the recollection of this excursion, with the many and happy incidents connected therewith, both suggestive and amusing to us all, will ever be pleasant, and that the bond of union thus formed shall continue to be one of social friendship through life."

Resolutions were also unanimously adopted, thanking D. K. Tenney, Esq., for his valuable services as treasurer ; the executive committee, for their efficient aid in the management of the excursion ; the Pullman Brothers, of Chicago, for their business courtesy and also by reason of the comfort and accommodation of their cars, styling them benefactors of the traveling public ; Frederick Briggs, Esq., formerly of

Madison but now of Buffalo, New York, for his considerate present to the excursionists; and Steward M. B. Barker for his faithful attention. The meeting also .

“Resolved, That the organization should be continued, and requested President Sawyer to call annual meetings at such time and place as he might decide on, for the purpose of keeping in mind the pleasures of the excursion and perpetuating its sociality.”

The Secretary was also requested to prepare his excursion correspondence, and that of Hon. George Gary, for publication in pamphlet form for the use of the members of the party.

Hon. G. B. Smith, Judge Gary and State Treasurer, W. E. Smith, in feeling remarks, expressed the pleasure and profit that the trip had given them, and Messrs. Sawyer and Hopkins appropriately responded to the thanks, that all of the speakers warmly conveyed to them.

THE LAST RUN.

We left Council Bluffs on the afternoon of the 13th, in the Pullman car “Union,” and although two hours behind time on Saturday morning, were brought by some fifty miles an hour running, to the Northwestern Depot at Chicago, in ample time to take the Saturday night’s train to Madison, where we duly arrived in good condition, and saluted Wisconsin and the Capitol City with rousing cheers.

THE CLOSING WISH.

This great trip has given every one of the party a broader and better idea of the resources of his country, and the character and capacity of the energetic men who conduct its enterprises. Some years ago men of weak faith, and men who had never by any effort of their own realized what hard work and persistent skill could accomplish, presumptuously said that this national railroad to the Pacific could not

be constructed, but lo! it is, and the solid fact to-day stares them in the face, in travelers comfortably crossing the continent, from ocean to ocean, in a little over seven days. Some men now say that the road cannot be sustained or successfully operated. But those who have been in contact with the giant enterprise that devised and formed the road, feel that with it there is no such word as fail; that if snow sheds are needed, even to Omaha, it will supply them from the exhaustless pine forests of the Sierra Nevadas, and that it will be adequate to meet the risks of the future, as it has the exigencies of the past. That it will be, is the heartfelt wish of every one of us, who, during an eventful month, have so greatly benefitted from it.

This pleasant trip to the Pacific, with all its suggestive incidents and memories, will be bright in the mind of every participant for many years, and that it may be, in the words of one of our choruses—"So say we all of us."

CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE GARY,

FOR THE "OSHKOSH JOURNAL."

THE ROAMING BADGERS.

OMAHA, Neb., July 20, 1869.

The Badgers invaded Nebraska this morning, at this point, in force; the force consisting of twenty-nine persons, all told.

The Oshkosh brigade, on Sunday evening, found the sleeping car of the train for Chicago too small, or too full, to accommodate so large a force, to-wit: three; and sought for sleep under difficulties, which were overcome only by the skillful and brilliant maneuver of "doubling up."

At Chicago the writer went a visiting, while the rest of the party breakfasted at the Sherman House.

The arrangements for the western trip were perfected by the delegation which went down from Madison on Saturday, under direction of Hon. B. F. Hopkins, and at half-past nine o'clock Monday morning, the party left the Sherman House in good spirits (and several carriages). At a quarter past ten, so much of the "Star of Empire" as was included in this party, took its way "Westward, ho," on board of one of Pullman's palace cars, attached to the express train of the C. & N. W. railway.

A pleasant incident at the outset was the meeting with our former townsman, M. A. Edwards, Esq., who had been on a flying business trip to New York and Boston, and was bound for his home in San Francisco, by the same train. He was looking, and apparently feeling well, and spent a considerable portion of the day in our car.

The run from Chicago to the Mississippi river was made in five hours—about one hundred and fifty miles—which is good time. The time to this place was about 22 hours—493 miles.

A few miles east of Council Bluffs, a landslide had carried away the track and obstructed the trains on Saturday; the consequence was that when we stopped at Dixon for dinner, we found that the eastward bound train, with the accumulation of passengers for two days, had pretty nearly cleaned out the culinary department at that station. All deficiencies were made up by a comfortable supper at Cedar Rapids.

There has been as much rain in Iowa and Illinois as in Wisconsin, and the crops, on low lands and the level prairies, are suffering accordingly.

Omaha is a lively, growing city, claiming a population of 20,000 or more. The trade of the city is large.

We have just returned from a ride around the thriving and beautiful city of Council Bluffs, of which one gets but a poor impression in passing on the Northwestern road, which runs through the marshes on the north side of the city, and out of sight of the attractive portion of it, which is built among the bluffs and ravines, back a mile or two from the river.

The two cities are rivals, of course. The scenery around both is attractive, and both will probably flourish. Omaha has the advantage now of being the terminus of the Pacific railroad, and has grown away from its rival. What the effect will be of the completion of the railroad bridge, remains to be seen. The people of Council Bluffs claim that their city will then be the great business point, which does not seem to me to be improbable. The Northwestern, the Rock Island, and the Hannibal and St. Jo. railroads make it now a railroad centre of no inconsiderable importance.

We leave here in the morning for "over the plains," and my next will probably be from Salt Lake City or thereabouts. The mail is about to close, and therefore I must do so.

LARAMIE, W. T., July 22, 1869.

My last closed with a ride around the city of Council Bluffs, which I stated erroneously to be a mile or two from the Missouri river. It is in fact four miles across a low flat, upon which the depot grounds of the Union Pacific railroad will be located when the railroad bridge is completed.

After mailing my letter to you, we took supper with our hospitable friends at Council Bluffs, and returned to Omaha. A hearty little speech of welcome by Mr. Montgomery, formerly of La Crosse, was responded to in a very happy manner by Hon. Geo. B. Smith and James Ross, of Madison.

At half-past eight Wednesday morning (the 21st) we left Omaha, *minus* Hon. Henry Cordier, who came with us to that place but thought he could not spare the time to come further. A jolly company of twenty-eight, the proprietors, for the time, of a first class palace car, we started out "to do" the Pacific railroad; and right here, let me say, that I have not ridden over a smoother, better railroad, anywhere, than the Union Pacific to this point. Neither testimony nor experience corroborate the statements of Hon. L. N. Morris. The obvious defect of cottonwood ties will be remedied, doubtless, by replacing them soon with others of more durable material. For a time they are probably as good as any, but will not last long. They are laid for a considerable distance (I do not know how far) up the valley of the Platte.

We made, through Messrs. Hopkins and Sawyer, the acquaintance of Mr. Johnson, a member of congress from California, who was on the train, and found him a pleasant companion. We also made acquaintance with a Mr. Bull, a Mormon from Salt Lake City, connected with the *Deseret News*, and a preacher of the faith of the Latter Day Saints. He rode with us several hours, and answered freely all our questions in relation to the social and religious aspects of Mormonism. Like Jacob of old, he had two wives. In manner he was courteous, but enthusiastic, and we found his company very agreeable.

All day long we rode under a glorious sunshine and over a level prairie up the broad Platte river valley, the settlements gradually growing less as we progressed, with little to diversify the scene excepting the river, which first showed itself about forty miles from Omaha, and at frequent intervals for 250 miles to the crossing of the North Platte, where we took supper. Having the car to ourselves, no one confined to any particular seat, we could sit, lounge, stand, sing, whistle, smoke, etc., at pleasure, and therefore the ride was not at all fatiguing.

This morning found us on the plains not far from Cheyenne which place we reached at 7:20 A. M. Far in the southwest an occasional glimpse of some snow-capped peak of the main range of the Rocky mountains kept us on the alert, while along our route piles of rocks, the remains, probably, of a once impassable mountain range, now worn down by time and the action of the elements into a rolling barren plain, and looking like ruins of old monuments, castles, fortresses and towers, scattered over the uneven plain, gave us new ideas of the wondrous changes since the far off "beginning," when the earth was "without form and void."

At Sherman, thirty-three miles west of Cheyenne, we passed the summit of the Black hills, 8,242 feet above the sea level, and the highest point on the Union Pacific road. From that point to Laramie, a distance of twenty-three miles, we descended about 1,100 feet.

It is about time for the mail to close, and I must reserve any attempt at description in detail for my next, which will be before leaving here, if possible.

THE BADGERS AT SALT LAKE.

*Laramie—Several Distinguished Travelers—Admiral Farragut—
Staging through the Canons—Salt Lake City—Sulphur Spring
Bath—Mormon Theatre—Church and Sunday School—Gov.
Durkee—Gen. Gibbon—The Tabernacle and Great Organ, etc.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, July 25, 1869.

My last left our party at Laramie disporting themselves in the mountain air, over 7,000 feet above the sea, and more than 6,000 feet higher than our lands at home. Mountains covered with perpetual snow were visible far to the west and southwest.

We walked about the village, and tried to re-establish the ancient Greek games by getting up a scrub foot-race over the level plain, and last, but not least, attended a theatre in the evening, at which Madame Scheller was the star performer, and of which our old friend Langrishe was the manager. He, however, was not with the troupe at Laramie.

We formed a pleasant acquaintance at Laramie with Dr. H. Latham, an intelligent gentleman who has had many years' experience in the country, and from whom we received much information in relation to it. He is now in charge of a hospital established here by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, where their employees disabled in the performance of their duties, are treated free of charge. The company have extensive shops at Laramie, also.

The train for the West on Friday was four hours behind time, and we did not leave Laramie till afternoon. Attached to this train was a special car containing Gen. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, chief engineer of the Union Pacific, and a party of his friends.

Among the passengers were Gen. Augur, commander of the department, and Gov. Campbell, of Wyoming, who were going up to the Sweetwater mines to examine into the condition of affairs there, with a view to the establishment of a military

post, if the mines seemed likely to be a success. Ex-Governor Sanders, of Nebraska, and family, who had stopped over at Laramie, also took the same train.

But the special excitement was the announcement, as our car was being switched on, that the gallant old Admiral Farragut was a passenger on the train. He is going, with his wife, to the Pacific coast for his health, which has been poor. Towards evening the Admiral passed through our car to that of Gen. Dodge, and, as you might expect, he did not get through without an introduction and hand-shake all around. Some of our party engaged him in conversation, and he remained with us nearly an hour, and we gave him three rousing cheers as he left our car. He is a brave, modest, genial old man, full of reminiscences of his past experience, related in a modest, unassuming way—a man whom you would sooner take for a philanthropist than for one of the dogs (sea dogs) of war.

It was about the last place that one would expect to meet, accidentally, the Admiral of the American Navy, and the wag of the party says he expects to see whales on the Sierra Nevadas.

Gen. Dodge, Gen. Augur and Gov. Campbell visited us and spent considerable time in our company. The Railroad Company and the world are largely indebted to the perseverance, intrepidity and engineering skill of Gen. Dodge, for the successful construction of the Union Pacific. His graphic account of his experience in making the surveys for the road was exceedingly interesting.

We passed over the region of sage brush and alkaline desolation called the Bitter Creek country, in the night. At the divide of the continent, 750 miles from Omaha, we looked out in the bright moonlight upon a barren desolate scene of bluffs and rocks, from which spring the waters that run eastward to the Gulf of Mexico and westward to the Pacific Ocean. We have been and shall be again upon a higher elevation, but it is here only that we stand upon the very backbone of the great continent, and feel that the rail beneath our feet is the

iron cord which binds together for all time in one great national family the denizens of the far East and West. Suppose the government subsidy be sunk in the great enterprise; it will be repaid ten fold in the great development of wealth and sources of revenue to the government, and a hundred fold in uniting the interests and sentiment of nationality which will wipe out the narrow provincialism that attends isolation, or want of ready means of transit and communication.

- Already the western slope is feeling the want of, and beginning to agitate for, a currency uniform with that of the East. It is felt that a different standard and measure of values cannot and ought not to be maintained.

Wisconsin men abound on the Pacific road. Our conductor in the afternoon was from the St. Paul railway, the one who took us through by night on the Prairie du Chien road. We had a brakeman who used to run from Fond du Lac to Green Bay, and on the next car to ours was a colored boy who was last year on the sleeping car, "City of Oshkosh."

Morning found us 900 miles from Omaha, and crossing the line between Wyoming and Utah.

From Wahsatch, where we breakfasted, to Uintah, the station from which we reach this place by staging, thirty-five miles, the route through Echo and Weber canyons beggars all description. High bluffs on either hand rising into the heavens; tunnels through the rocks where the curves in the canyons are too short; precipitous rocks with deep gorges rent up through their jagged sides as if by some terrible convulsion, and the rush of the train without steam down the sharp grades, produce in the mind sensations of wonder and perhaps a slight fear, mingled with curiosity as to what will be the next scene in the rapidly shifting panorama.

We reached Salt Lake City (a place of about 20,000 people) at about half past seven. Here we made raids in force, first upon our small stock of clean linen, etc.; second, on the supper table at the Townsend House, (a comfortable hotel kept by a Mormon,) and thirdly upon Brigham Young's theater, where we saw "The Drunkard" and "Pocahontas" creditably

performed by a company of which all but two persons were residents and Mormons. Brigham was not there, but we saw quite an array of his wives and daughters, and President Wells, the third authority in the Mormon church, with his three wives.

This (Sunday) morning the whole party visited the warm sulphur spring and baths, about two miles from our hotel. Out of the base of a mountain issues a warm spring which reaches the baths at a temperature of eighty degrees, and near it is a cold spring, both strongly impregnated with sulphur.

After the baths, two of us organized an expedition—which we could get nobody else to join—to attend the service of the Protestant Episcopal church. This, I believe is the only Gentile church which has established a permanent station here. The services are conducted regularly in Independence Hall, a room which will seat about two hundred people, and which was well filled. At the gate we met Gov. Durkee, who had called upon us in the evening, and his wife, who has been here but a few weeks, and is evidently homesick.

We were early, and in time to be present at the closing exercises of the Sunday School, which numbers about sixty bright, intelligent pupils. This school and the congregation is gathered from among the Gentiles, with perhaps some from the military post which is commanded by Gen. Gibbon, who led the gallant old Iron Brigade.

Two sons of Joseph Smith have recently arrived here, who lead the small faction of "old light" Mormons opposed to polygamy. They preached at the same place in the afternoon, to a crowded audience, I am told.

But another expedition was organized from our party to attend the Mormon service at the great Tabernacle at two o'clock, and this time there was no difficulty in getting volunteers, until the whole party was included. We went under the escort of Mr. Hooper, delegate to Congress from Utah, who is a courteous gentleman, and is showing us every civility. He is a Mormon, but has only one wife.

The choir was singing when we entered, one of Charles

Wesley's hymns, to the same old tune in which I used to sing the same hymn when a boy. The preacher—Geo. A. Smith, the second authority in the church—read for a text the prophecy of Isaiah, of the time when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, and commenced an extemporaneous discourse, which was a brief history of the rise, persecutions, removals, sufferings and final location and success of the Mormon church. It was evidently intended more for us than for the Mormons present. Yesterday, the 24th of July, was the 22nd anniversary of their entrance into this valley, and was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

But for the great organ and the distribution of the sacramental bread and water during the preaching, the manner of conducting the services would not have been much different from that of a Methodist meeting of the olden time, when the followers of the Wesleys cared more for carrying the gospel to the poor all over the land than for building fine churches and renting the pews.

The great Tabernacle, 250 feet long by 150 wide, spanned by an arched roof, rising from walls 25 feet high to a height of 84 feet from the ground, is a wonderful structure. The great organ, second only to the great Boston organ, which is not yet half completed, is also a wonder. It is built by Mormons here, out of materials produced here, and for sweetness and purity of tone is said to excel the great organ at the Hub. It will cost nearly or quite one hundred thousand dollars when completed, of which but about one thousand is for material purchased outside of the territory. After the congregation was dismissed we were introduced to the Presidents, as they are called, Young, Smith and Wells, the three highest dignitaries of the church, and to other leading men among the Mormons, and had considerable conversation with them. I am bound to say that as a rule they have treated us with a degree of courtesy which I hardly expected.

I found that President Smith, a cousin of Joseph Smith, was born in my native town—Potsdam, N. Y.,—and upon the strength of a common birth-place we became very social and

had considerable conversation about Mormonism as well as other matters.

I have not an opinion to express about Mormonism yet. We shall see more of them to-morrow and I shall try to get light upon the subject, but it is the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

We leave here on Tuesday morning early for Sacramento.

THE BADGERS IN CALIFORNIA.

More about the Mormons—The Ride from Salt Lake City—First sight of "John"—The Railroad over the Sierra Nevada—Arrival at Sacramento—Steamboat Ride to San Francisco—Meet the Chicago Commercial Party, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 31, 1869.

My last was written on Sunday evening, after visiting the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City.

On Monday, we were shown around the city by Hon. W. H. Hooper, delegate to Congress from Utah, who is a very conservative Mormon, with only one wife, and who treated us with great courtesy. From the top of the Tabernacle we had an extensive view of the Salt Lake Valley, and unanimously voted a land grant of one-half the land reclaimed to the saints for the purpose of making canals along both sides of the valley from Utah Lake, thirty miles south, for navigation and irrigation. So far as the land is irrigated it is fruitful. We also saw the foundation of solid granite for a great temple, 186 by 99 feet, which is to rival Solomon's in magnificence. Mormonism, it seems, requires a temple for the more solemn rites of its religion. The dream of the Mormons, however, is that the central temple of the kingdom of God upon the earth, which shall surpass all the great religious edifices of the world, is to be erected in the State of Missouri, where they

still own large tracts of land, and where they were long ago directed, by a revelation from heaven, to erect it.

The policy of Mormonism is to build up wealthy communities, but not wealthy individuals.

The cultivated portions of Salt Lake valley are therefore cut up into farms of from five to twenty acres, few having more than twenty. I think there is a tendency to aggregate property in the church—or in its leaders—but the particular processes by which it is done I could not ascertain.

We called upon Gov. Durkee and were hospitably entertained by him and his estimable lady.

On Tuesday morning, after a three o'clock breakfast, which we paid for over night and failed to get in the morning, (Moral.—Never pay for anything at a Mormon hotel kept by the husband of six wives, until you get it,) we took the stage coaches to Uintah, where we had to wait for the train, which was four hours behind time, until two o'clock.

At Uintah we met K. A. Darling, formerly of Fond du Lac, who has been doing a considerable business in the ice trade on the Union Pacific Road.

At Corinne, a thriving town of 1,000 or more people, thirty-two miles from Uintah, (the only Gentile settlement in Utah) we were boarded by D. K. Allen, Esq., formerly from Vinland in our county, who rode with us to the next station, nineteen miles, and gave us considerable information about the country. He is in the banking business at Corinne, and is doing well. It is hardly necessary to say that we were mutually glad to meet on the plains of Utah.

The road passes, in this nineteen miles, close to the north end of Salt Lake, over salt marshes and an alkali desert, which looks like the very abomination of desolation, and then rises by circuitous and steep grades nine miles to Promontory summit, which is the connecting point between the Union and Central Pacific roads.

On the Central Pacific road we met, for the first time, the Chinese labor question, face to face. John, with his blue frock, wide trowsers, and pig-tail, was everywhere along the

line, attending diligently to his business, and apparently not heeding the scowls and muttered curses which were visited upon him whenever he came in contact with Irish laboring men.

The road west from Promontory runs for 450 miles over hills and desert plains, which, with the exception of some portions of the valley of the Humboldt, which may be reclaimed by irrigation, seem incapable of ever supporting a population of any kind. At Elko, 468 miles from Sacramento, the point of departure for the White Pine mines, a town has sprung up of considerable dimensions, which has a large trade, a daily paper, and all the rush and recklessness of a fast town in the mining region.

Here we found a jail, made of a freight car, standing on a switch, with the doors grated with iron, in which three or four men were locked up, who were charged with some crime (I did not clearly ascertain what) instigated by their hatred of the Chinese.

Sunrise on Thursday morning found us at Truckee, 119 miles from Sacramento, and within fourteen miles of the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in the midst of such wild, grand and picturesque scenery as locomotives never whistled through before. The grade ascends nearly twelve hundred feet in this fourteen miles, and descends about seven thousand feet in the next hundred miles into the Sacramento valley, which is only about sixty feet above the sea. The road winds along the precipitous mountain sides in a manner astonishing to travelers, who look down hundreds, and in some instances thousands, of feet into the deep canyons, upon the verge of which they are rushing along over what I believe to be the greatest triumph of engineering in the world. Upon any reasonable presumption, the man who first projected a railroad over the Sierra Nevadas ought, if alive, to be in a lunatic asylum. But the demonstrated fact is, that he was entirely sane. The road is there, and engineers drive their trains over the mountain tops with as little fear as Wells, Fargo & Co.'s drivers used to drive their stage coaches over the mountain roads—and with less danger.

We arrived at Sacramento to dinner, and in the afternoon were indebted to the courtesy of Alfred Briggs, Esq., U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, for a drive around the city. In the evening we were waited upon by N. L. Drew, Esq., a brother of C. C. Drew, of Oshkosh, who is a heavy dealer in lumber at Sacramento, and a prince of whole-souled good fellows. Yesterday (Friday) morning, Mr. Drew came with carriages and took us down to his lumber yard and extensive docks, which he is constructing on the Sacramento river, and afterward to his house, where we tried his hospitality and found it to be "A. 1."

At 2 P. M. we embarked on the fine steamer *Yosemite*, and steamed down the river for San Francisco, where we arrived at about half-past ten in the evening. Our further movements will be determined to-night or to-morrow.

Among those whom we have met to-day are Gov. Haight, of this State, Gen. Ord, the Department Commander, and Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, who has just returned with his son from a ten days trip to the Yosemite valley.

I forgot to mention that at Colfax, fifty-four miles from Sacramento, we met the train with which the Chicago Commercial Excursion Party were returning home, for ten minutes. Noise enough was made during the ten minutes, however, for ten hours under ordinary circumstances.

Sixty or seventy miles from Sacramento we saw hydraulic gold mining going on, but could not stop to examine the process.

San Francisco—The Cliff House—Scene on the Beach—A call from former citizens of Oshkosh—A ride on the Bay—Visit to the Bank of California—Grain Fields and Orchards—How the Chinese live—Sights and Scenes in the City, etc.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 7, 1869.

My last left us in San Francisco on Saturday night, one week ago.

I think I omitted to mention a ride on Saturday morning to the Cliff House, which is a great resort for San Francisco people and strangers.

Six miles from the city, just outside of the Golden Gate, (the entrance to the bay) on the point of a bluff just where it slopes down to a smooth, sandy beach beyond, on the open coast of the broad Pacific ocean, stands the Cliff House. A few rods out in the sea rise three rocks, jagged and irregular in form, to a height of twenty or thirty feet above the water, and over them breaks the surf, which rolls and roars eternally against the bank beneath the house. On these rocks a colony of seals have made their home, and in great numbers lay in the sunshine, occasionally lifting their uncouth forms in awkward play, and emitting the unearthly noise—half growl, half bark—which, though I had not heard it for years before, sounded to me, as of old, like the wail of lost spirits which had caught cold in the outer darkness. Then came a school of porpoises, the most diminutive of the whale species, rolling, tumbling and sporting in the waves, and reminding me of some rare sport, harpooning porpoises, in a time which had almost faded into a dream. Then came a flock of gulls sailing through the sunshine. A few genuine whales were all that was wanting to complete the scene, and the landlord promised those if we would wait till about sunset, as he said two or three had made their appearance at about that time for several days.

My home had once been for several months a ship's fore-castle, upon the broad Pacific. But for more than twenty years I had not smelled the salt sea breeze, and as I went down and

dipped my hands into the surf as it rolled up on the beach, a flood of old memories bridged over the time, and, for a moment the old indescribable longing to tread a ship's deck again, and sail away to the uttermost parts of the earth, took possession of me. In my ears rang the old song,

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,"

and, for the instant, I almost regretted that I was a sober, respectable citizen of a far inland city, bound by the ties and duties of ordinary life to return.

But this is egotism, and, I suspect, nonsense to your readers who have never sowed wild oats on salt water.

Ex-Gov. Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad, was of the party to the Cliff House. He was many years ago a resident of Port Washington (now Ozaukee) in Wisconsin. He thinks the construction of the road over the Sierra Nevada mountains would have been postponed many years but for the cheap Chinese labor.

Messrs. McCracken, Edmonds and Lane, formerly of Oshkosh, called upon us. All of them are doing reasonably well, I think, and seem satisfied with California.

On Sunday afternoon, by invitation of Gen. Ord, we had a pleasant ride around the bay on a government tug, and visited some of the fortifications which protect the entrance. On the top of Alcatraz Island, which is apparently a rock rising out of the bay one or two hundred feet, and bristling with ten and fifteen inch guns, pointing out in all directions from its rugged sides, we found a beautiful, blooming flower garden.

After the ride I dined with W. B. Holcomb, Esq., formerly of Omro, whom, with his estimable lady I had counted formerly among my friends in Wisconsin. He is in the lumber business, and doing well.

On Monday morning, by invitation of Mr. Ralston, cashier of the Bank of California, our party visited that institution and saw huge piles of gold and silver bullion.

I escaped that aggravating sight, however, for I went out in the morning to see my friend Fred. Nixon, who left the establishment of Beckwith, Davis & Co., in Oshkosh, a few weeks

ago, to emigrate to California, with his wife and mother, and returned just in time to get a glimpse of the carriages which were conveying the rest of the party to the bank.

In the afternoon our party, in charge of Col. O. H. LaGrange, who has recently been appointed Superintendent of the Mint, and Professor Carr, visited Oakland, a beautiful little city of ten thousand people or so, across the bay, the prospective terminus of the California Pacific road from Sacramento. A ferry boat crosses the bay, four or five miles, to a long pier which juts out a mile or more from the shore, where a train of cars takes the passengers three or four miles further, into Oakland. As we left the cars I met an old schoolmate and friend of my boyhood who resides in Oakland, and while our party rode about in carriages and dined with Col. LaGrange, as a party of distinguished Wisconsinners ought to do, I went and lunched with my friend and his wife, whom I had known only as a young miss just entering her teens, and then with his horse and buggy drove around the city and surrounding country until time to take the last boat back to San Francisco. In fact, I found so many old friends in San Francisco and Oakland that I found myself separated from the party a considerable portion of the time spent there.

The country about Oakland is charming. North of the city four or five miles a spur of the coast range of mountains comes down to the bay, and the level plain and foot hills between, are cultivated farms.

Wheat was standing in shocks in the fields waiting for the threshing machine, which I was told (and believe) would yield from forty to sixty bushels per acre. Gardens rich with almost tropical verdure, and fruits in great variety, were numerous—and the land was held at five and six hundred dollars per acre in gold. I concluded that it was not a good location for a poor man.

In the evening, to keep up a custom which we had observed everywhere on the route, we went to the California theatre, and saw and heard John Brougham, and the inevitable young lady in tights and short skirts, who, in musical accents and with a

jaunty air, informs the frequenters of theaters everywhere, now, that she is

"Captain Jinks of the Horse-marines."

By the way, it strikes me that a constant display of *veal* on the stage is becoming about as nauseous as it would be on the dinner-table.

Tuesday morning was spent in looking over the city. Time, paper and patience would fail in the attempt to describe all the interesting things seen. The fruit-market is a sight to make the mouth water. Fresh fruits of all kinds are piled around in quantities which raise a wonder as to where the purchasers are to come from for all of it. Everybody uses fruits of all kinds freely, and my experience is that they may be eaten with impunity, to the extent of a man's capacity.

The mercantile library, to which I was introduced through the kindness of Professor Carr, is worthy of a letter by itself, but my time was too short to give it the attention it deserves.

The Chinese quarter is a novelty to inexperienced Christians. Packed into little dens in basements, upon bye-ways and alleys, they live like rats in their nests, upon next to nothing a day, and hoard up their earnings like misers, as I am informed. They bring but few respectable women to this country, and too many of a degraded class.

But this letter is getting so long that another must give the rest of our experiences in California.

• BADGERS ON THE RETURN.

Quicksilver Mines—California Fruit—View from the Coast Range—Dine at "A Little Place in the Country"—Good Horses—Hospitality—Geysers—Chinese Theatre—Furs in August—Staging to Virginia City—An Eclipse, Visible without Smoked Glass—Home Again.

ON THE WING DOWN THE PLATTE VALLEY,
FRIDAY, August 18, 1869.

I feel as though I could write a book, and find it difficult to compress, within the reasonable limits of a few letters, all that I want to describe of our experiences on this trip.

On Tuesday afternoon, August 3d, under the guidance of Mr. White, an agent of the Bank of California, our party started for a trip to San Jose and the celebrated New Almaden quicksilver mines. The San Jose railroad, which runs southeasterly up the Santa Clara valley, and which is expected eventually (by some) to form the connecting link which is to make San Francisco the practical terminus of the Southern Pacific road, took us to the beautiful little town of Santa Clara, three miles from San Jose. At Santa Clara is an old Jesuit mission and college, which is well endowed, and has philosophical and chemical apparatus equal to the best colleges in the country. Under Mr. White's direction we left the cars here and entered carriages which were waiting for us, and, riding a short distance, turned into an open gate and found ourselves driven through a magnificent arbor of grapes trained over trellises several rods in length. Cross-sections of vine-covered arbor, opening at regular intervals into other sections parallel with the one through which we were driving, revealed to us the fact that we were passing through a considerable vineyard trained upon arbors. As we emerged from this, the carriages halted beside a large bed of splendid strawberries, red and tempting, upon which we made a vigorous assault in full force, but from which we retired in a few min-

utes defeated, without having made any perceptible impression upon it. By judicious clipping and irrigation, strawberries are produced at all seasons in this wonderful country. We rode on through groves of all kinds of fruit trees, hung with fruit rich and tempting as that which "brought death into the world and all our woe." Mr. Pierce, the proprietor of this garden, we did not see, but it is a habit of these Californians to let us see their hospitality whether they are themselves visible or not—or such is my inference from our experience upon this trip.

We drove to San Jose through the Alameda, a beautiful road lined on either side with sycamore trees, planted a century or so ago, it is said, by the Jesuit fathers of the Santa Clara mission. We were accompanied by my old friend, Dr. L. H. Cary, formerly of Sheboygan county, then of the army, and more recently of Fond du Lac, who came to California almost a dying man two years ago, was reported dead, read obituary notices of himself in the papers, and yet lives with improved and improving health at San Jose. In the evening a band of music appeared and serenaded us at our hotel, which called out brief and appropriate speeches from several members of our party, which were responded to by two or three San Jose gentlemen in a few pleasant words of welcome and congratulation.

Early in the morning, carriages were at the door to take us to the mines, fourteen miles distant in the mountains west of the valley. We experienced on this ride one of the drawbacks to California in the summer—the dustiness of the roads. The last two or three miles of the drive was up a steep mountain road, dug out of the precipitous sides of the hills, and curving back and forth from terrace to terrace, until those in front could look down on the rear carriages hundreds of feet below them, at an angle of thirty degrees, then turning sharp round the bend of a deep canyon and away up another steep mountain side, until suddenly a magnificent panorama of the broad, beautiful valley, with its brown pastures, yellow stubble fields and green gardens burst upon the view; then up again

along and around deep canyons yawning below the road scarce wider than a wagon track, until an altitude of nearly two thousand feet above the valley was gained, and the mines were reached.

We rambled a little way into a "drift" in the mountain, and demonstrated the superior nature of woman and her right to vote, by declining to descend a shaft through which Anna Dickinson had ventured a few days before. With a few specimens of cinnabar in our pockets, we descended, as all drives down the mountain roads are made—on a sharp trot, and in a few minutes. A brief inspection of the smelting works, accompanied by a clear description of the whole, from the gentlemanly superintendent, closed our visit, and we drove back in time for a lunch, a climb up to the cupola of the splendid stone court house of Santa Clara county, from which the view of the valley was beautiful, and then took the 2 o'clock train for the city.

At Menlo Park, thirty miles from San Francisco, we met Mr. Ralston, whom I have mentioned before as the cashier of the Bank of California, with whom we were invited to dine, and a large party of gentlemen from the city waiting for us with carriages to take us through some of the "little places in the country," which some of the wealthy men of San Francisco had fixed up for their country residences. A "little place in the country" is a few hundred acres, more or less, with a fine house, magnificent stables, extensive parks and fruit gardens, fountains, fish-ponds, lawns and everything that wealth can command to gratify the taste and minister to the comfort of the proprietor and his family. We went through three of these places, belonging to Mr. Barron, Mr. Atherton and Mr. Selby. A full description would be too long for your columns. Suffice it to say (in your private ear) that I am of the opinion that our host had Aladdin's lamp in his pocket all the time, and kept rubbing it, and that all I had heard or read of California as a fruit-growing country, was fully sustained. Apples, pears, peaches, figs, oranges, apricots, plums, nectarines, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, almonds, melons,

everything indeed, but a few extreme tropical productions, that I have ever seen in the fruit line, seem to reach perfection in that state. At the risk of being considered a man of doubtful veracity, I will state one fact: on a pear tree, not exceeding four inches in diameter, and on a twig not more than half an inch through, I counted twelve large full-grown pears hanging in a cluster like a bunch of grapes.

Professor Carr, to whom we were indebted for much attention and useful information, explained to me, I think, the true reason of the wonderful productiveness of the California soil. The soil lies from ten to fifteen feet deep above the subsoil. As the surface dries after the rainy season is over, the roots of vegetation penetrate deep for moisture,^a which works up from below, bringing with it elements of fertility which in a wet climate would slumber deep in the earth.

It was seven miles from Mr. Selby's to Mr. Ralston's place, and we were invited to take our choice to ride in the carriages or wait for the train, which would arrive in a few minutes. Two four-horse carriages, seated omnibus fashion, were loaded with a dozen or more in each, and driven the seven miles in thirty-five minutes. The carriage horses in California are good roadsters. Mr. Ralston has a span which, I am credibly informed, he frequently drives from his place to the city—twenty-two miles—in ninety minutes. The roads of course are, smooth and good.

We arrived at Mr. Ralston's about sunset, and after such toilets as men two thousand miles from home with no baggage but carpet bags and those at our hotel in the city, could make, and a brief interval of chat and inspection of the splendid mansion in which we found ourselves guests, we sat down to a dinner of thirteen courses in a spacious dining hall in which the fifty guests present looked like a cosy family party.

The palatial proportions of the house may be imagined from the statement that it contained a dancing hall eighty feet in length, and reception rooms, parlors, guest-chambers, etc. to match. My humble experience had never led me into such "a little place in the country" before. The members of our

party will not be likely to forget the hospitality and courtesy of the officers of the Bank of California. I believe I did not mention that on the previous day, Mr. Mills, the President of the Bank, had taken the party to the refinery, where the last impurities are removed from the precious metals after they come down from the mines. My usual perverse luck had prolonged a morning call upon a lady friend whom I had last seen a pretty, lively girl of nineteen, and now found a matronly woman twice that age, with a family of children around her, until I was just too late to go with them.

On Thursday, the 5th, Messrs. Sawyer, Hay, Wm. E Smith, and Moseley, started for the celebrated Geysers of California. The dust of our ride to the quicksilver mines, which was about like that of our prairie roads in a very dry time, had satisfied me that carriage riding in that country was hard on weak eyes, and fearing that I should not be able to see at all when I got there, I declined the trip to see the Geysers.

Those who remained behind visited Woodward's gardens on Mission street, which is the route of Squibob's survey of the central route to the Mission Dolores. Here we found a very respectable collection—zoological, ornithological and entomological—of living and stuffed specimens, and a pleasant place to spend a few hours.

Friday was our last day in San Francisco, and was spent in making little purchases for those at home, and last looks at friends and places of interest. I spent considerable part of the day among old friends at Oakland, seeing among others Mrs. Silas Adsit, who formerly resided in Oshkosh. Mr. Adsit had been to New York, and was expected home by the next week steamer.

In the evening, in company with Fung Tang, a Chinese merchant of wealth and respectability and great intelligence, who speaks and writes English well, we visited the Chinese theater. If the performance amused the Celestials, who are accustomed to that sort of thing, I can only say they are easily amused. Its absurdity was amusing to us for a short time. The constant music (that is what it is called,) of gongs,

sticks and Chinese fiddles, which sound but four notes, was rather monotonous. I believe the play was a tragedy, but a terrific battle on the stage in which the actors crossed swords very cautiously, turned cart-wheels and hand-springs, and did everything absurd except fighting, did not seem very tragic—nor very comic either after a little. The singing resembled nothing else so much as a cat concert on a moonlight night. On the return trip some of the party were very successful in imitating it, and singing Chinese became rather a favorite amusement.

One of the first things that strikes a stranger as peculiar in San Francisco is the sight of ladies out with furs on in mid-summer. In driving, carriage-robcs are used as constantly as we use them in December. The sea breeze rushes in through the Golden Gate in the afternoon so cool that overcoats are not uncomfortable. The breeze loses its force and chilliness as it progresses, and when it is decidedly cool in San Francisco a balmy summer atmosphere is felt at Oakland, a pleasant warmth pervades the Santa Clara valley, while at Sacramento beyond the influence of the sea breeze, the thermometer stands at 100° in the shade. But the heat is not so potential as in moister climates. I am told that men work in the harvest fields when the mercury is up to 110°, and cases of sunstroke are unknown. I have perspired more in two hours in the Platte valley than during my whole sojourn in California. The perspiration evaporates in the dry atmosphere of the western coast so rapidly that it is scarcely felt.

On Saturday morning, at seven o'clock we took a steamer for Valejo, (pronounced Vallayo,) and the Sacramento and Val-lejo railroad, from thence to Sacramento, where we arrived for dinner. At Vallejo is the only elevator yet erected in the State, all the wheat being shipped in sacks. We saw acres of sacked wheat piled up at some of the stations in the Sacramento Valley waiting for transportation.

At Sacramento we were again indebted to the courtesy of Alfred Briggs Esq., for a drive through an extensive vineyard and a visit to a California wine cellar, and also for a quantity

of commissary supplies which he sent down to our car. He and our friend N. L. Drew, Esq., spent the evening with us and came down to the depot at six in the morning to see us off.

At that hour, in the famous Pullman Palace Car "Wasatch," we started on our return trip over the mountains. On the train we again met Senator Trumbull.

At 4 o'clock P. M., we had passed the grand scenery of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and embarked at Reno on the stage-coaches for Virginia City. We had for a fellow-passenger, Mr. Sutro, the originator of the famous Sutro tunnel project, which is nothing less than to drift from the base of the mountains under the Comstock Lode at Virginia City, and see what can be found four thousand feet under ground. I believe he wants a loan of \$5,000,000 from the government for this purpose, to secure which he will give a mortgage on the hole.

Going up the mountains we met a large number of carriages going down to meet Vice President Colfax, who with his old companions, Bowles and Bross, was expected on the next train from the east. They arrived at Virginia City next morning, but I happened to be a thousand feet under ground at the time and did not see them. We saw Senator Nye, and Mr. Hay and I had the greater pleasure of meeting our former townsman, Robert Ames, who is running an engine at the Ophir mines, for the pleasant compensation of six dollars in gold, per day. His brother, who was formerly engineer on a Fox river steamboat, is chief engineer at the same mine, but we did not see him.

We were much indebted to the kindness of R. K. Allen, Esq., the courteous agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, at Virginia City, who went with us to the mines and showed us every attention, at a time, when but for him, we were in considerable danger of being overshadowed by the arrival of the Vice-Presidential party.

By their inopportune arrival we suffered an eclipse, which was visible without smoked glass.

At 4 1-2 P. M. we left Reno for home.

If this was not already too long I would relate some incidents of the ride ; how we visited the next car by invitation, and sang our patent original songs—how several sweet voiced, sweet faced young ladies sang songs for us—and many other pleasant things. But Omaha and the end of the Pacific railroad are near, and I have occupied too much time and space.

SUNDAY, Aug. 15.

Home again without accident ; without missing a connection ; without serious sickness in any of the party. It has been four weeks of great enjoyment to me, and if such brief sketches as I have been able to give have interested your readers, it is to me a further cause of satisfaction.

CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE GARY,

FOR THE "OSHKOSH NORTHWESTERN."

WISCONSIN EXCURSION WEST.

OMAHA, NEB., July 21, 1869.

The Wisconsin excursion party leave here this morning, and I improve the few minutes left before starting to write a brief notice of such things as seem to me of interest in connection with the trip. A telegram yesterday informed you of our arrival here.

West of Chicago on the level prairies, the corn did not seem to me to be more forward than in Winnebago county. Between Dixon and the Mississippi river, and through most of Iowa it was better. But along the whole route, crops of all kinds have suffered severely from the extremely wet weather. I think there has been more rain in this section than in Wisconsin during the last three weeks.

A more beautiful surfaced country than the State of Iowa—or so much of it as I have seen—I have never seen before. But for the scarcity of timber and the terrible tornadoes which occasionally sweep through some devoted village, or neighborhood making havoc with buildings, fences, trees and sometimes human life, it strikes me as one of the most inviting regions lying in the shadow of the star spangled banner.

On Monday I saw the Mississippi, and yesterday the Missouri river for the first time. It may be a sort of romantic nonsense, but to me there was an exhilaration in the first sight of the broad sweeping current of the streams which in

school boy days, I had been taught to believe would, in future generations, become the arteries through which would flow the commerce of a mighty nation.

It is wonderful, when we think of it, that those anticipated generations, and this generation should find the main artery of that commerce, cutting them at right angles, and altogether independent of the courses of great rivers.

Omaha shows on the surface that it was built in a hurry. Although there are many fine brick business blocks and dwellings, it reminds me in many respects of the Oshkosh of twelve years ago. The same kind of temporary looking small balloon buildings, both for business and residences abound; the same sort of temporary sidewalks, and unimproved streets meet our view often. But it has no resemblance to Oshkosh in location, for it is built on high bold ridges, scarcely less than bluffs, and is destined when the old rookeries are burned or torn away and their places supplied with better buildings, to be a beautiful city. The immense amount of money disbursed here during the construction of the Pacific Railroad, stimulated a wonderful growth. It is still growing but with less rapidity. There is a heavy trade with the country further west, and I am told that the internal revenue returns, are in proportion to population, equal to those from any city in the West.

A large portion of our party by invitation, spent the afternoon yesterday at Council Bluffs, where we were hospitably entertained. Council Bluffs has a much more finished permanent appearance than its more bulky rival across the river. It is a pleasant city, situated in the valleys and ravines, among and at the foot of the bluffs, on the Iowa side of the river, and is growing steadily.

The turbid waters of the Missouri which are now crossed by heavy ferry boats running every fifteen minutes usually loaded both ways, will at not a very distant day be spanned by an iron bridge. Then the occupation of a very large number of teams and teamsters, will be gone, as well as that of the heavy ferry boats.

Among the Wisconsin men here, are Col. Champion S. Chase, formerly of Racine; Judge Wakely of Madison, Judge Esterbrook, the first Attorney General of Wisconsin. Here also I found the Redfield Brothers, formerly of the Waupaca *Spirit*, running a Job printing office.

Time is up. Something of the country further west, you may look for soon.

LARAMIE, W. T., July 23, 1869.

The Union Pacific railroad runs a few miles south from Omaha, through a hilly section, with a soil in which there seems to be a considerable portion of sand, and rises by an easy grade to a level prairie, which stretches away to the base of the great continental range of mountains which divides the Mississippi basin from the Pacific slope. Twelve miles out, the road curves to the northwest, and runs with some angles, but in the general direction West to Kearney, opposite old Fort Phil. Kearney, 191 miles from Omaha, through a country susceptible of cultivation now, which we should call a vast prairie in Wisconsin. Much of the way it stretches from the hills south of the Platte river, which are visible away to the north, farther than the eye can reach. An occasional small belt of timber, along the streams tributary to the Platte, and an occasional field of corn (which looks to be about two weeks in advance of Wisconsin) or wheat, or both, is all that breaks the monotony. Frequent views of the Platte, which is near the road on the south, and the timber belts along and beyond it, diversify the scene more in that direction.

Fremont, 46 miles, and Columbus, 91 miles, from Omaha, are county seats and considerable villages, the former with about 2,000, the latter with about 1,000 people, whose new houses cluster together on the open prairie, each forming the nucleus, I doubt not, of a considerable town in the future.

Excepting these, the stations along the road are merely stations, around which begin to cluster scattering dwellings at several points.

The growing crops indicate a fair soil. The rank Buffalo grass furnishes splendid grazing, and all the cattle are fat. The settlements and improvements grow less and less, and before reaching Kearney cease altogether.

Before reaching Kearney, Buffalo were seen several times, whether in the reality or in the imagination of those who saw them, I cannot tell. We were not beyond the reach of grazing cattle, and I was skeptical on the point, though like all prudent doubters, I kept my doubts to myself. Prairie dogs began to be seen, however, to a certainty.

West of Kearney the soil is probably not susceptible of successful cultivation without irrigation. For a large tract of country, this could probably be successfully accomplished from the water of the Platte, but it will not be attempted very soon I presume.

At North Platte, where the road crosses the river of that name by a bridge half a mile in length, and western bound travelers get as good a supper as at any first class hotel, night had overtaken our train. From this point, 291 miles from Omaha, for nearly 200 miles further, we saw nothing except in dreams; but our train kept thundering on—climbing up, up, ever upward, towards the Black Hills, over a road which is, to this point, as smooth and in as good condition, apparently, as any railroad in the west.

Morning found us, on the Plains, forty or fifty miles from Cheyenne, going westward less rapidly than at night. The vegetation which had been gradually diminishing for 300 miles, consisted of a stunted growth of grass and sage, interspersed with a beautiful blue flower, which some one called heliotrope, and others less beautiful. A branch railroad is to be built from Cheyenne to Denver, to accommodate the Colorado travel and traffic which leave the Union Pacific at this point.

Cheyenne, 516 miles from Omaha, and about 1000 from Chicago is now a town of considerable size, (population is said

to be about 3,800) lying at the foot of the Black Hills proper. From here to Sherman we climb up—with two powerful locomotives—two thousand three hundred feet in thirty-three miles, an average of nearly seventy feet to the mile, and reaching eighty-eight and a fraction at the maximum—to Sherman, the highest point on the road, *eight thousand two hundred and forty-two* feet above the sea level. Here we unfurled the State flag of Wisconsin, and indulged in an extra dose of enthusiasm.

From Sherman to Laramie twenty-three miles, the descent is about 1,100 feet, and is run without the use of steam, and here we find ourselves laid by for twenty-four hours in the great basin or park, known as the Laramie bottom, at a village or city of about 1,000 people, with a daily paper edited by Dr. Hanford, formerly of Fond du Lac. The ascent and descent of the Black Hills is made through many cuts of varying depth, blasted in rock or shoveled through the disintegrated gravel-like quartz knolls which were once rocks, and are now the "everlasting hills," at least until some geological epoch shall make them something else. There are deep ravines also crossed upon bridges or by filling.

Upon reaching Cheyenne, the snowy range becomes visible far to the South-west, and we strain our eyes to catch glimpses of the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains. This, and the curious piles of rocks along the route which mark where was once the mountain peaks of the Black Hill range, afforded abundant objects of interest.

Laramie is situated upon a great plain sixty or seventy miles wide—probably more—through which flows the Big Laramie and Little Laramie rivers. To the East as I look out now five or six miles away, is the base of the Black Hills which rise 1,400 feet or more. Fifty miles or so to the West—though in the rare clear atmosphere it does not seem more than fifteen—rises Mt. Agassiz, 6,000 feet or more above the plain; and away to the South-west, Long's Peak, still higher; their summits crowned with everlasting snow, and standing as sentinels over the lesser hills, which stretch along on either

hand above the snow line, and associating, the idea of purity with that of coldness.

It is a magnificent panorama on which the eye lingers with pleasure, and to which it returns again and again, admiringly, as men admire the pure and lofty heights of sublime virtue—without any desire to climb up there.

Our train is behind time, and I have spun this out accordingly. The telegraph informs us it will be here soon.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 26, 1889.

My last left us at Laramie. To the west of that point forty or fifty miles in the mountains are the "Last Chance" mines, upon the success of which depends considerably the future value of corner lots in Laramie. Cattle can be, and are pastured upon the Laramie plains, but no agriculture can amount to anything there without irrigation. An enthusiastic gentleman whom I met there, thought irrigation would do for them what it has done for Salt Lake Valley. The soil is similar but lacks some of the elements of fertility which this valley has—and it is nearly three thousand feet higher in the air. As we leave the plains and begin to rise from the base of the Rattlesnake range of mountains, the sinuosities of the road are equalled only by those of the upper Fox river. Besides the curves around bluffs, too high to cut through, curves and reverse curves doubling back upon each other like a broad letter S, are made for the purpose of reducing the steep ascent to a practicable grade which is sometimes ninety feet to the mile. Sixty miles or thereabouts from Laramie is a bed of valuable lignite coal which is opened and worked, and it is ascertained that coal is abundant in the region. The country is a barren desolate succession of hills, rocks, ravines, curves and snow covered mountains along which we run within a few miles at some points. The Bitter Creek region, the most desolate of all, we

passed over in the night. The scenery through Echo, and Weber canons, through which the road descends into Salt Lake Valley, is grand and sublime, but it is the sublimity of desolation.

Salt Lake City is a fine city with wide streets, through the gutters of which runs the water to irrigate the gardens, which are attached to every house, and which are pretty well shaded by trees, where twenty years ago there was not a tree.

Apricots and apples are ripe and delicious. Peaches and grapes are abundant but not ripe. The City and the Tabernacle have been described often, and I will not attempt a description, but I suppose your readers would like to know my impression of

MORMONISM AND THE MORMONS.

I have had considerable opportunity during the two days of our stay here to converse with leading Mormons, and with Gentiles, and have endeavored to examine the matter, free from any bias of prejudice. But the evident suspicion of the Mormons, and intense prejudice of most of the outsiders; the wide disagreement in their statements, and the uncertainty which, with so short a period for observation, a stranger must feel as to the motives on either side, render a cautious judgment at least prudent.

The material results of Mormonism are quite palpable all around us.

One hundred and twenty thousand people (more probably) in Utah are forcing from twenty-five to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, from a soil which twenty-two years ago was a barren valley, producing only sage bush and bunch grass; have corn to-day far ahead of any in our route through Illinois, Iowa, or Nebraska; have built a fine city of twenty thousand people, and thriving, handsome villages; established manufactories, including cotton factories to work up the staple which they raise themselves, and are living apparently in a comfortably well to do manner, almost, or quite, without drinking saloons, gaming houses or houses of prostitution; with little or

no use for police courts, or jails, unless to keep straggling Gentiles in order, and needing no locks upon their doors to prevent burglars. Why is it?

Twenty-two years ago last Saturday, the advance guard of the Mormons arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. They had been driven from Missouri, driven from Illinois, their leaders murdered, their property destroyed, and they had marched a thousand miles through an unknown wilderness to found a State in the desert and place between themselves and their persecutors a distance which would ensure exemption from the attacks of their enemies.

History furnishes no nearer parallel than our boasted Pilgrim Fathers, and the sufferings of the Mormons must have exceeded theirs. Irrigating drains must be made before anything could be raised.

A wall of mud and stone, was built around a large tract of ground, for protection from the Indians. For two successive years, grasshoppers, more numerous than the locusts of Egypt, swept all before them, and devoured every green thing. But they persevered. By industry, close economy, and a judicious use of the streams of water from the mountains, they have converted the sterile soil into beautiful fields and gardens, and there appears to be a harmony and unity among themselves, exhibited elsewhere only by the Quakers.

Ideas move the world, and I have concluded that all this is the result of an idea. They are doubtless fanatical, but did ever any but fanatics, accomplish such results under circumstances so adverse.

The fundamental idea of Mormonism, seems to be that the gifts of inspiration are granted to man still; that revelations from God, are still made to chosen prophets or apostles; that the apostolic power of directing all the affairs of the chosen people, and of healing diseases by laying on of hands, or anointing with consecrated oil, or in some miraculous manner still remains; that Joseph Smith, was, and his successors are to continue to be guided directly by revelations from God. It is not wonderful, therefore, that this people regard the directions of

Brigham Young as commands, to be obeyed as a religious duty.

I think the disposition of the Mormons is peaceable toward all mankind. Yet I doubt whether they can live in peace, excepting by being left alone, (or so nearly so as to be practically a unanimous people), or by being intermixed with a strong numerical majority of outsiders. For it does not require a close inspection of Mormonism, I think, to discover that they draw no line of demarcation between religious and civil institutions and duties. A people who have at their head a man directed by the spirit of God, through revelations from time to time, need no separate civil institutions. They have a Theocracy in practice. Their affairs are governed by the direction of the Almighty himself. This is a connection of church and state, which cannot be severed while the church constitutes a strong majority because in this view the church *is the state*. The forms of civil government, may be organized—are organized in Utah. But the administration is upon the idea, that the whole life of man in all its relations, should be the continual performance of religious duties; that every duty in life is a religious duty.

I do not know how it is in the selection of minor officers, but it is plain there can be no important political contests among such a people. If they were mixed with other people, the political divisions would inevitably be by a religious line, at least until they were overwhelmed by a numerical majority and probably then unless they were in a minority so small, as to constitute a mere balance of power between contending factions.

This is the great difficulty with the Mormon question. They have gathered here almost from the four quarters of the globe, to exercise their religious faith, and to establish a state in the wilderness founded upon it. It seems hard to them, that they should not be permitted to do it unmolested, and without statutes being aimed at them, and their institutions. I think they do not much fear the statute, for they know as well as Burke did, that a whole people cannot be indicted. But they regard

it as evidence of a disposition to molest them. I refer of course to the statute against

POLYGAMY.

I have assured Mormons here that although the people of the states might regard them as fanatics, there was no prejudice which would lead to animosity, excepting against this one feature of their institutions. I think it is hard for them to believe this, because they do not know the spirit of toleration, which has grown up since their experience at Nauvoo, which regards religious differences as inconsequential, and only laughs at what would have met violence and persecution then.

But this institution is a part of their religious system, based like the most of it upon direct revelation, and therefore here they are, with a social domestic system, utterly antagonistic to the prejudices and education of the whole world, to cherish which, they regard as a sacred duty.

But this letter must end, for I have but two hours to sleep, before starting for a thirty-five mile stage coach ride, to Uintah station. So you can say at the end of this, as they do of the stories in the *Ledger*, to be continued.

UINTAH, July 27, 1869.

Have just arrived here from Salt Lake City by stage, and the telegraph informs us that the train is about four hours behind time, so I improve the occasion to finish what I was writing last night.

I think that I closed with the statement that Polygamy is taught and regarded as a religious duty, among the Mormons. Every sincere Mormon, I think, regards the interests of his church as the first in importance; the building up of his church by every means in his power, as his most imperative duty. I think also, that they look for the growth and increase of the church as much, from the rearing children in it, as from con-

versions. There is something of the feeling of the ancient Israelites. The proudest man is the one with the largest family; the proudest woman, she who rears the most children. Where this view prevails, and there is any considerable number of unmarried women, Polygamy certainly tends to the rapid increase of population, and increase of numbers is what the Mormons want, to build up what they regard as the Kingdom of God on earth. This is the theory, I think, upon which the institution of Polygamy is defended in argument; but a higher reason is, that a direct revelation has commanded it.

Now these people are not all hypocrites, probably in no greater proportion than in other religious bodies. They have shown their faith by their works too strongly and surely to admit a probability of hypocrisy as a rule.

This thing, therefore, cannot be sneered or jeered away. This people, as a rule, believe in it religiously. And those who look for a solution of the difficulty through the repugnance of the Mormon women, may be deceived. Doubtless to the natural feelings of the first wife, the idea of a division of the husband's attentions and affections is repugnant; but women have made greater sacrifices than even that, to an idea and a sense of duty. I do not think but that some of the Mormons, both men and women, are discontented. It would be wonderful if it were not so, among so many. But I do not think that there is any extensive discontent or dissatisfaction. Mormons say there is none, and that all who desire may leave. Gentiles say on the contrary, that the discontent is very extensive, and that some sort of secret espionage and coercion keeps them there.

It has its peculiar organization which is about as perfect as that of a regiment of soldiers. It has its President and Councilors, its twelve Apostles, its Bishops or teachers, in each ward and precinct, its Captains of Seventies, and Captains of Tens. I do not know all the real titles. Society is divided and subdivided, so that every member is under the eye of some one in authority, at least such is the general idea that I

have got of the organization. If this be so, of course discontent must be pretty deep and extensive, before it will appear much to a casual observer. A common expression among Gentiles is that the system is a despotism. It is a moral despotism of course, as is every system by which men professing to have Divine authority, control and regulate the conduct of others. But I am far from satisfied that there is any physical danger to any one who attempts to leave the church or the valley. The terrible power of the system consists in the isolation with which it surrounds the man who does not obey its authority, and is cut off from membership. Disputes among Mormons seldom get into the law courts. The Church has a regular judicial system of its own, with appeals from one to another tribunal, until the case reaches the court of last resort—Brigham Young. No execution is issued to enforce the judgments of these tribunals, which act upon equitable principles, and not according to the forms of law, but the moral execution of excision from the church is more potent than the writ of any court.

Their purpose, I believe, is to establish a Church which, as I have before said, shall be *the State*, the Kingdom of God.

To this end I think they discourage the settlement of Gentiles among them. They confine their trade and business as far as possible, to their own people; but this is also true, that Gentiles do not patronize Mormons when there are Gentiles, with whom they can deal. Prejudices are strong both ways. The Mormons insist that the Gentiles belie them horribly, and that they should be let alone. The Gentiles, on the other hand, insist that the Mormons are guilty of all the catalogue of crimes, and that their religion sanctions them when committed against Gentiles. They tell of Mormons who have attempted to leave, and have been prevented by force; of others who have recently fled secretly, because they did not dare to leave openly. They insist, and I think believe, that the sons of Joseph Smith, who preached against polygamy at Salt Lake City, last Sunday, will disappear within a short time—in other words be murdered.

I would not undertake to express a decided opinion without more time for investigation than I have had.

But I am satisfied that Mormonism, as a system, cannot continue to exist just in its present form, under our Government, unless in a State or States controlled by Mormons, for the simple reason that as a religion it cannot be severed from politics; because its aim is not to establish a religious sect or church merely, but a State. For this purpose they removed beyond the neighborhood of other people. For this purpose the converts in Europe are removed as fast as possible to the Salt Lake Valley.

We were treated courteously by the leading Mormons, Presidents Smith and Wells, the councilors of Brigham Young; by Hon. W. H. Hooper, delegate from Utah to Congress, and by others. It seemed to me that our movements and conversation were watched with some care.

Brigham Young, in conversation with our party, assumed what seemed to me to be a defiant tone. He said in substance to Hon. George B. Smith (in our presence) that the attempt to send an army to subdue them by Buchanan was nearly the cause of the destruction of the Government; that another attempt would be the entering wedge to its destruction. This was explained, however, and I think truly to mean, not a threat of resistance to and destruction of the Government of the United States by the Mormons, but a prophecy of a visitation of the judgments of Heaven upon the Government, if it should interfere, and an assertion that the rebellion in the South was such a judgment.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 5, 1869.

I have been roaming around too much to find opportunity for writing since our arrival in this city, and now propose to give briefly my information in relation to what I have seen, instead of a narrative of events.

The Central Pacific Railroad over the Sierra Nevada Mountains is almost a miracle of engineering skill. The roadway is tunneled through rocks and dug out along the precipitous mountain sides for miles where even a wagon road would be a wonder. There are many miles which cost \$200,000 per mile and about thirty miles are covered with snow sheds at a cost of \$24,000 per mile, to protect it from the drifting snows which last winter, covered it in some places fifty feet. These snow sheds shut out from the traveler the view of much of the magnificent mountain scenery, which is grand and sublime beyond description. If the feeling of awe and wonder had not almost gone out among the men of this generation, it would be inspired by the rugged mountains which lift their heads among the clouds, and the apparently almost bottomless chasms, along the verge of which the train crawls like some fiery-breathed, smoke belching saurian reptile of a long past geologic age. But we regard this mountain range as simply an obstacle in the track of the star of empire which was to be, and was, overcome of course. Nature plainly marked the path of the Union Pacific road through the Rocky Mountains. Art had to make one for the Central Pacific over the Sierra Nevadas.

I have of course had opportunity to see but little of California in a single week, but by using my tongue and ears, as well as eyes, I think I have learned something of its people and of its resources, aside from the deposits of metallic wealth which are hidden in its soil and rocks, and which are now costing more than is being realized from them, I am told by those who ought to know.

The people of California came from everywhere (China included), and local ideas, habits and notions of almost every part of the civilized world are as it were, shaken up together to make a compound of ideas, habits and notions for this people. The men who came here across the Plains, around Cape Horn, or even by the Isthmus, were men of will and energy. A man may come now without a large stock of either, but he could not until the railroad was constructed.

Therefore some of them are rich, many in comfortable pecuniary circumstances, and few in extreme poverty. Probably a larger proportion of the people own the homesteads in which they live in San Francisco than in any other large city in the United States.

The people are social and hospitable, and seem to devote as much energy to their social enjoyments and amusements as to business.

Everybody who is able, keeps a horse or horses, the roads every where, even up the steepest mountains, being good, excepting in the wet season (winter) when on what is called the adobe soil they are nearly impassible, I am told. In the dry season (which is from June to October) they are as dusty as our prairie roads in a dry summer, but otherwise excellent.

My idea of California has been heretofore that its gold was the principal source of wealth. It is beginning to be understood now that its soil, which I believe to be unsurpassed in fertility, is a mine of wealth far exceeding its gold deposits. I have supposed, and I think a general impression has been, that agriculture could flourish here only when irrigation was practicable. Irrigation is practiced extensively in gardens and is necessary to perpetual verdure, and a constant succession of fruits and vegetables, and a windmill for pumping up water is a common feature in every garden where a supply of water cannot be otherwise obtained. One effect of this is that I have picked delicious strawberries from a bed which was in blossom for another crop, and have seen corn ten inches out of the ground and growing finely close beside other corn which was ripe for harvesting. By the judicious use of water, fresh fruits and vegetables are kept in the markets all the time. But the ordinary cereals and annual crops of all kinds are raised and yield bountifully without irrigation when the seed is put into the ground at the right season.

The wheat harvest is over but I rode through wheat fields in the vicinity of Oakland the other day in which the shocks were still standing in the fields. The quantity seemed to me to be great. I vouch for nothing in this connection but was

told by intelligent farmers, with whom I talked, and by friends whose word I have no reason to doubt, that the yield was from forty to sixty bushels per acre, and special instances as high as eighty were named.

In the Sacramento valley I was told that the average was from thirty to forty bushels per acre. The quality of the wheat is not excelled in the world. The exportation of wheat is becoming considerable. I was told on Sunday last that nineteen English ships were loading with wheat for Liverpool.

Upon one subject I am positive, that in no part of the world, since Adam was driven from Eden, has man luxuriated in such a variety and abundance of fruit, as in California. We traveled on Wednesday through acres upon acres of apples, pears, peaches, plums, figs, almonds, apricots, grapes, strawberries, blackberries and melons, in the Santa Clara valley, and the markets are filled with these, and even oranges, lemons and some other tropical fruits, which are produced in this State. The quality of the fruit produced here is good, and the quantity is marvelous.

Of course, land in this vicinity is valuable; from one to three or four hundred dollars in gold, per acre, outside of any prospective growth of any city. But there are vast tracts of equally good land in other parts of the State, which are cheaper.

There is more available land in California than has been usually supposed. The soil of the hills is as good as that of the valleys. It is all made of disintegrated rocks of a comparatively recent formation. The rock when it crops out is easily crumbled, and in many excavations it is not easy to distinguish where the line is between the soil and rock.

The finest grapes are raised upon what are called the Foot-hills. Sixty or seventy miles from Sacramento, at a height of over three thousand feet above the valley of the Sacramento, I saw peach trees loaded with fruit. They were in an irrigated garden; but I think annual crops will grow there without irrigation. Grape-cuttings are planted there and watered

the first season, and grow without watering afterward, producing fruit the second year. Many—perhaps most—of the hill sides are too steep for cultivation with the plough, and are therefore—until population becomes dense, as in the old world—waste land. While on this subject of the soil, I will tell what I was told by an intelligent, candid appearing farmer, to whom I was introduced at Oakland, that he threshed five hundred and thirty-two bushels of oats from four acres.

There are no catching harvests. From June to October there is no rain, and the grain is threshed and sacked in the field, at the time which is most convenient. Volunteer crops, as they are called, are sometimes harvested. They are crops which grow from the seed shelled out at the previous harvest. A considerable crop is sometimes obtained in this way, with no labor but the harvesting, I am informed; and I have heard of three successive crops from one ploughing and seeding.

Money is tight and business dull here now. One and a half per cent. per month is a common rate of interest, and I was told that some Savings Banks were paying ten per cent. In addition to the causes which operate in the rest of the country, there seems, to me, to be some special causes at work, to produce a tightness here. I *guess* that the precious metals are being produced at a loss in the aggregate, and that the production is diminishing. If this be so, it is one cause. Industry in all mechanical departments is demoralized by an eight-hour law, which politicians have granted to the clamor of eight-hour leagues. Establishments which have large capital invested in machinery, have been forced to suspend work, under the operation of the eight-hour rule. Some are getting hands and running ten hours, but it is difficult, because of the thorough organization of the Trades' Unions. But little building is going on, partly because men cannot be induced to believe that they can pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work.

The inevitable Chinaman is gradually working into all kinds of employment. They work ten hours diligently, for small wages; and in all employments which do not require great physical strength, are the best of laborers. They are

ingenious, quick to learn, and trusty. They suffer many wrongs, are not permitted to testify in the courts, and many who would gladly employ them, dare not do it yet. One gentleman told me he could carry on his business—which employs thirty men—at one-half the present cost for labor, and have the work just as well, or even better done; but if he did would expect to be burned out within a week. His business is more profitable than many others. The time will come in his business, as it has come in many branches of business, when profits can be realized only by the most economical management. The Chinaman has got into the politics of this State, and will, perhaps, get into the politics of the Nation. But the inexorable law of political economy, is with him, and he will continue to make his way.

The Salt Lake policy of exclusion will never prevail in this country, when the question of cheapening production is involved.

I do not think the Chinese will soon want to become citizens. They certainly have no such inclination now. But, as I have suggested to some friends here, if he would abandon his heathenism and become Christianized to the extent that he could chew tobacco, drink whiskey, swear and swindle, like other Christians, why not admit him to citizenship? He is already civilized. Ninety-eight per cent. of the Chinese here—and most of them are of a low caste—I am told, can read and write their own language.

Our party have visited the points of interest in this city, rode around the bay on a Government tug by invitation of Gen. Ord, rode out into the surrounding country somewhat, visited San Jose and the new Almaden quicksilver mines, been feasted and shown around with a hospitality and courtesy which we shall not forget; dined with Mr. Ralston, Cashier of the Bank of California, in a country palace, which rivals the magnificence of Oriental splendor, and is an astonishment to Wisconsinnors, and all other sinners who visit it; visited parks and gardens, and houses and stables, upon which fortunes have been lavished for beauty and taste, and are to meet at Sacra-

mento to-morrow, to start for home, wiser, if not better, men. Messrs. Sawyer and Hay, with some others of the party, are visiting the Geysers of California. We hope to be at home on Saturday, stopping one day—as we now intend—at Virginia City, in Nevado, to visit the silver mines.

We have met here, McCracken, M. A. Edmonds and O. L. Lane, formerly of Oshkosh, and W. B. Holcomb, formerly of Omro. At San Jose, we found Mr. Colbourn from Menasha, and at Oakland, Mr. Puffer, recently arrived from the same place.

OMAHA, Aug. 13, 1869.

Our excursion on the Pacific railroad ends with our arrival here, at four o'clock this afternoon. One night and a half day at Virginia City on our return trip, ended our sight-seeing beyond what could be seen from our car windows as we passed along.

From Reno, 154 miles from Sacramento, a stage ride of twenty-two miles, thirteen over the level Truckee meadows, five miles up the mountains, to an elevation 2,700 feet above the plain, and four miles down a descent of about five hundred feet brought us into a city unlike any that I ever saw before built upon a steep mountain side.

From a card of the International Hotel, now before me, I learn that ten of the eighteen mines known as the Virginia and Gold Hill mines, paid dividends last year to the aggregate amount of over three and a quarter millions. Virginia City is the place where a man's wealth used to be estimated by the number of feet in the Comstock Lode of which he was the owner. I can give no better idea of the city than by informing your readers, that I entered the office of the Hotel from one street, ascended three flights of stairs and went out of the other end of the house into another street.

Quartz mining I suppose is pretty much alike in all the mines.

It gives one a novel sensation to step on to a platform suspended over a hole in the ground and descend a thousand feet into the earth, and then with a lighted candle in hand to roam about through long "drifts" in which one cannot stand upright. A frame work of heavy timbers is erected through each drift to prevent caving in. Perhaps as you go along you meet a car loaded with mineral or waste, running on wooden rails to the shaft by which you descend, and you squeeze yourself into as small a compass as possible by the side of some post of the frame work to allow it to pass. Then in the far end you come upon three or four brawny sweating men, naked to the waist, picking out of the bowels of the mountains with their heavy picks, the mineral out of which the precious metals are to be separated. Cross drifts lead you hither and thither, and anon a ladder conducts you to another story of this curious subterranean temple of Mammon. In some mines three or four sections of drifts one above the other, tunnel the ground in all directions.

An hour in one of the mines is sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of one who has but two or three hours to spare, with a ride of over two thousand miles impending. A long letter might be filled with a description of the details of the process of mining, crushing, amalgamating, separating &c., by which the pure silver is at last obtained. But who has not read Ross Browne, and who that has read Ross Browne will care to read such descriptions as I could write.

Nevada is not likely to take high rank as an agricultural State, but there are lands in some of the valleys which by irrigation can be made productive, judging from what little I saw of it, and what I could learn by exercising the yankee prerogative of asking questions, I should think that there is considerable land which is as good at least, as that of the Salt Lake Valley, and which will some day furnish in the aggregate a considerable supply (possibly a surplus) of agricultural products. The demand and high prices in the mines are said to render farming very profitable to the few engaged in it now.

HOME, Aug. 15.

So far I had written when the want of further time cut off all further writing until I reached that most pleasant of all places on the route—home, from which I date this continuation.

There is a considerable portion of what used to be called the "Great American Desert," which is, and, until some important geological or climatic changes occur, must continue to be a barren waste.

On the line of the Pacific Railroad the tract of country from the Laramie plains to the Salt Lake Valley, a distance of about four hundred miles over the divide of the Continent, from which the waters seek the gulf of Mexico in one direction, and the gulf of California in the other, and including the Bitter Creek plains, and Red Desert, is perhaps the most forlorn and destitute region ever traveled by a railroad. An alkaline desert for a long distance, destitute of any water which can be used to quench the thirst of man or beast, and of any vegetation excepting sage brush, and often even of that. But the sense of desolation and worthlessness which the general features of this region is calculated to inspire, is somewhat relieved by the fact that immense deposits of coal have been found, and are being worked at various points. Indeed, it is difficult to see where the supply of fuel for the Union Pacific road would have been obtained, but for these opportune coal beds.

Through the desert country west of Salt Lake, alkali plains and barren hills which seem to serve no useful purpose but to prevent a great gap in the crust of the earth, give the traveler a feeling of homesickness. Through the rugged passes over the mountain ranges, the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery compensates for the apparent want of adaptability to supply the natural wants of man.

From two hundred miles west of Omaha up the Platte valley, is a productive country lacking in timber, but verdant and rich, a vast prairie in fact, rising with a gradual ascent of

a few feet to the mile, which is settling up and is susceptible of immediate cultivation. For nearly two hundred miles farther, mostly by irrigation the country may be made productive. Between the Black Hills beyond Cheyenne, and the Sierra Nevadas, in the Laramie Plains, the Humboldt valley, and other valleys, is considerable land which is susceptible of improvement by irrigation. In some of them large herds of cattle are kept and thrive on the natural pasturage which they afford.

But it will be a long time before any large population will be found to do in these valleys, from ordinary motives, what the Mormons have done in the Salt Lake valley, under the impulse of a fanatical idea, and the way business, along the Union Pacific Railroad, will be mainly such as arises from the mining adventures in the mountains, and therefore I have not been able to convince myself that the road will pay anything to the stockholders from its business. The business from the Nevada silver mines and lumbering interests in the Sierra Nevadas, will do more to support the shorter line of the Central Pacific.

But there is the Pacific Railroad, an accomplished feat, and one of the triumphs of the nineteenth century, as smooth and as solid a track in the main, as there is in America, and it will be operated whether it pays or not.

Some temporary work upon it will doubtless be replaced by that of a more permanent character, but taken together as it is, it is a wonder of engineering skill and exhibits much to praise, and little to censure.

1870-1871

